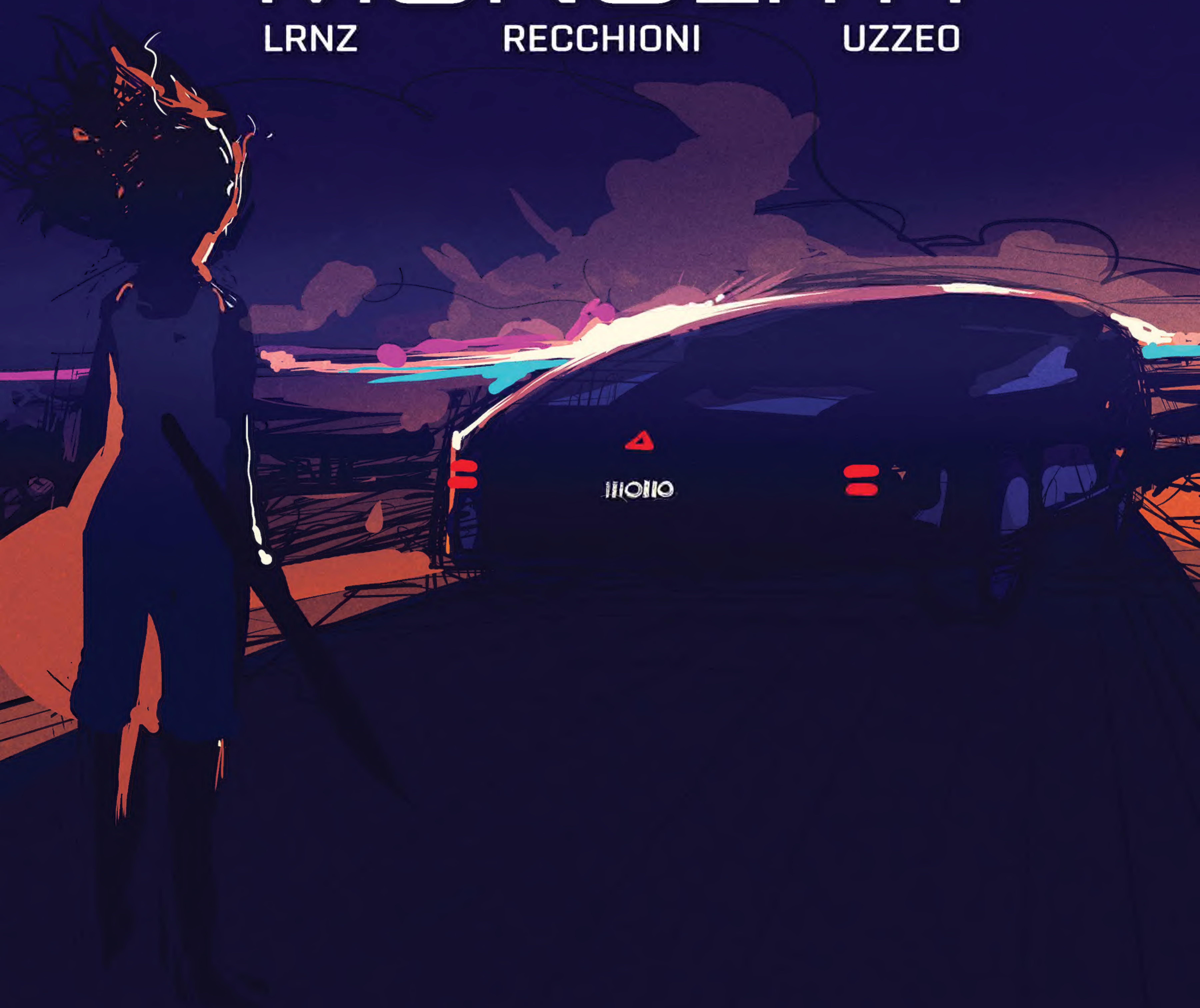


MONOLITH

LRNZ

RECCHIONI

UZZEO



This book is intended for readers aged 18 and up. It may contain themes considered "mature."

Story by
ROBERTO RECCHIONI

Original script by
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and
MAURO UZZEO

Designed and illustrated by
LRNZ

Translation, Editing, and Layout/Lettering by Mike Kennedy
Production Assistance by Chris Northrop



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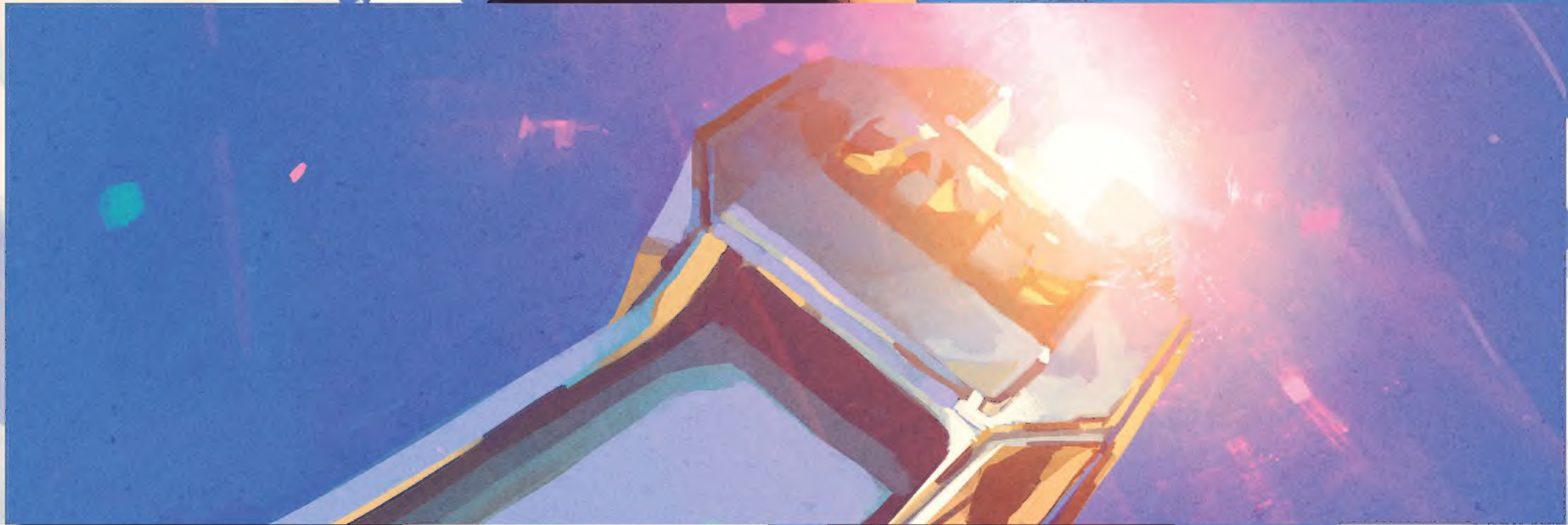
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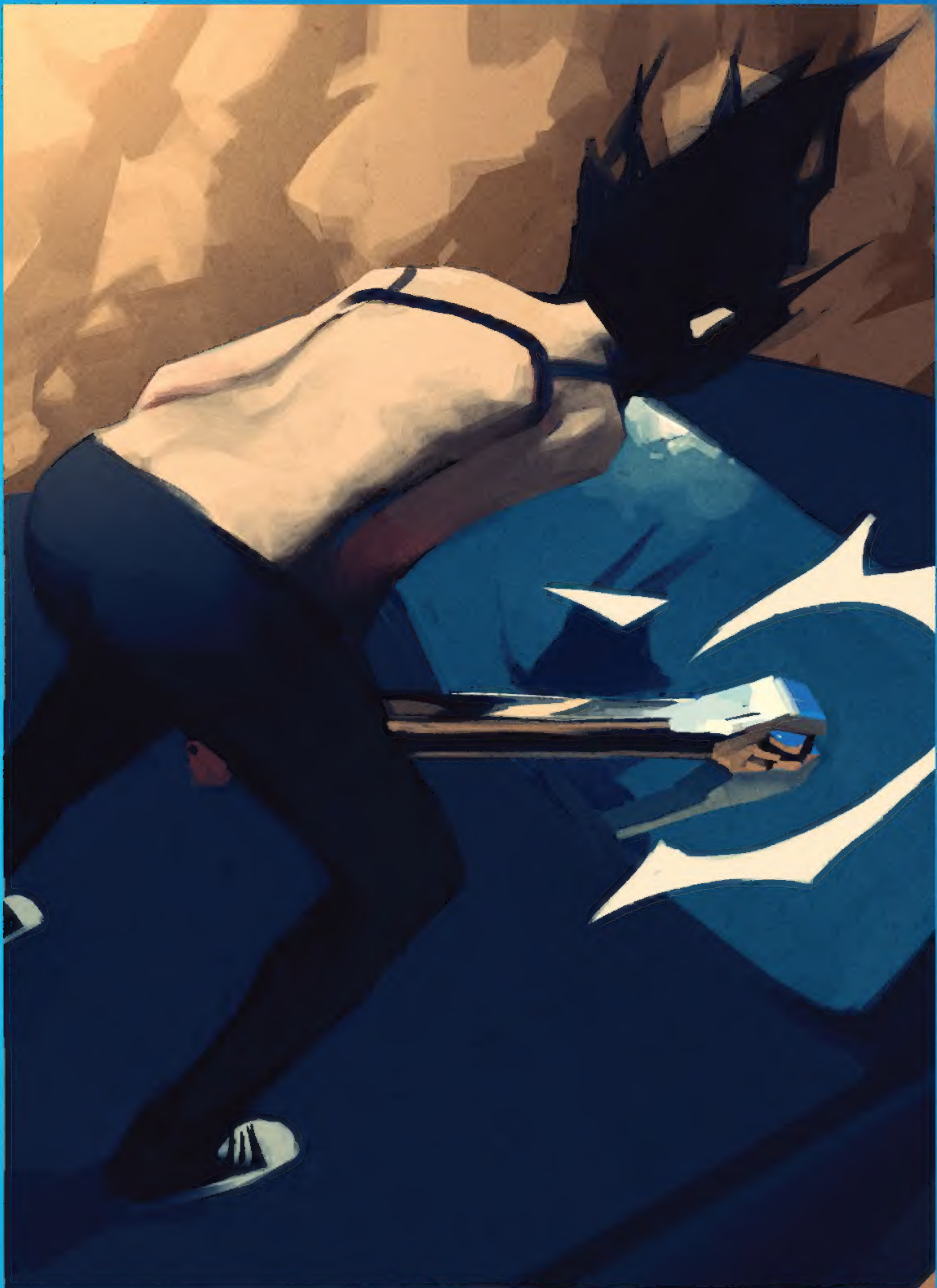
Printed in China.

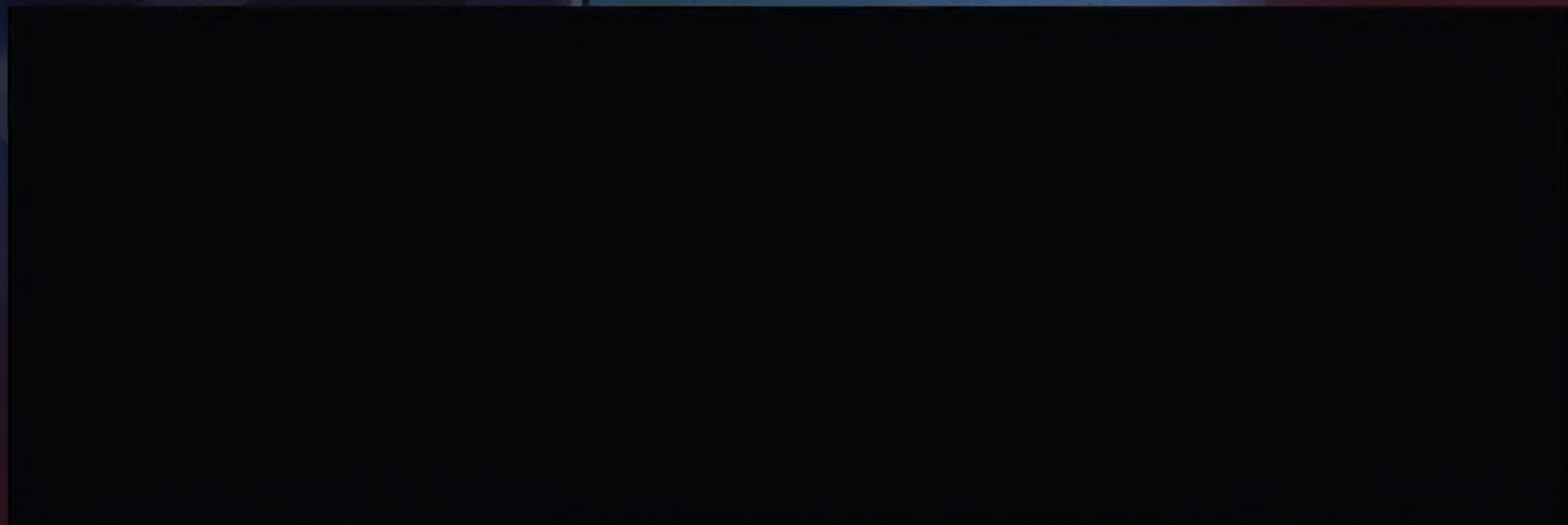
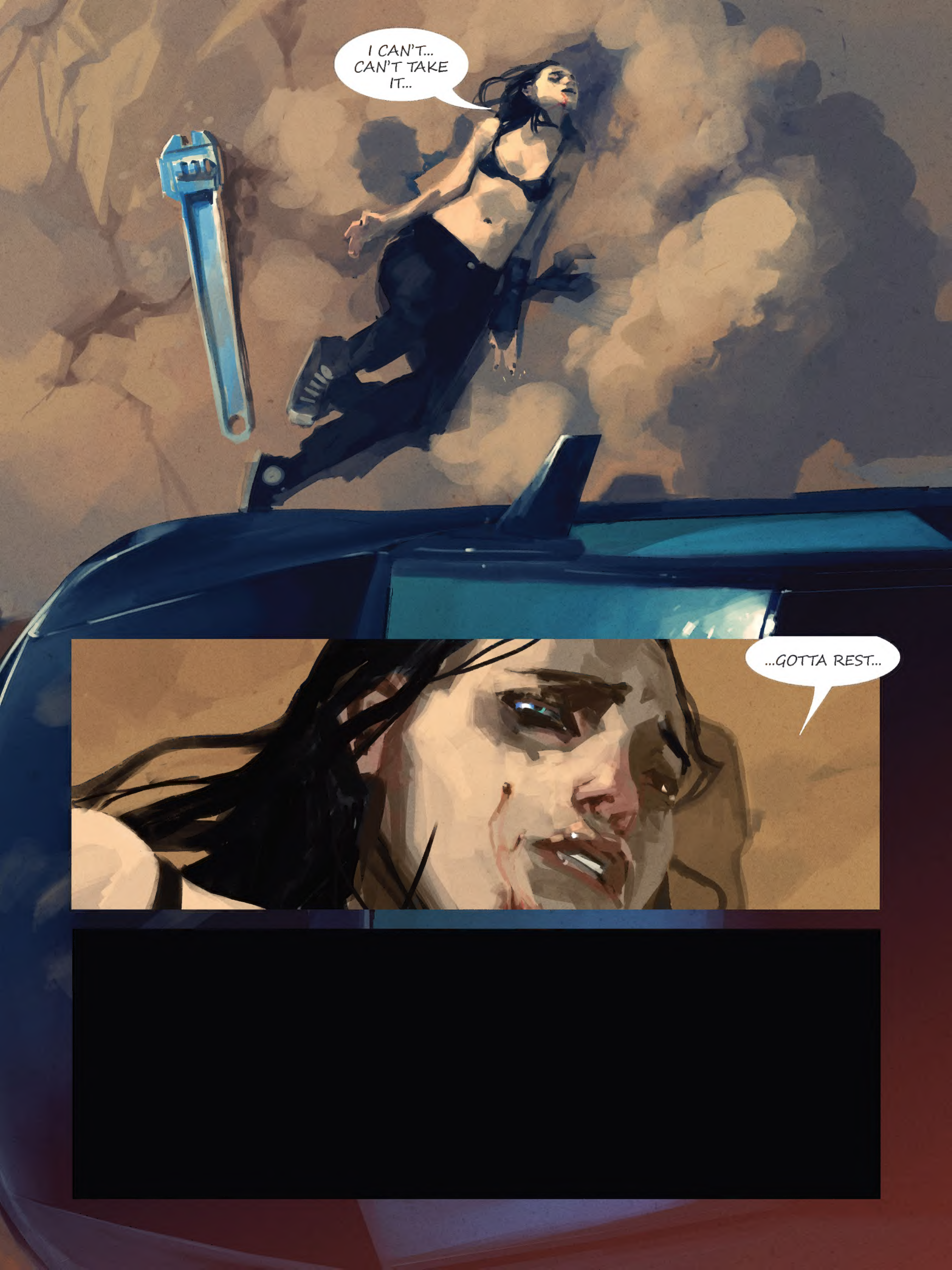
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1



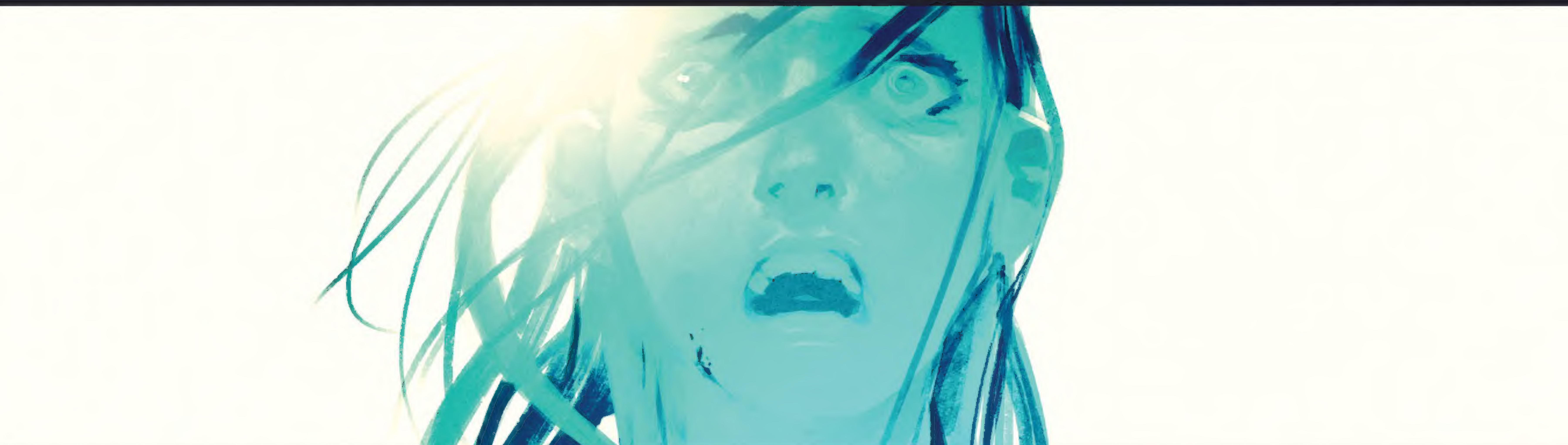
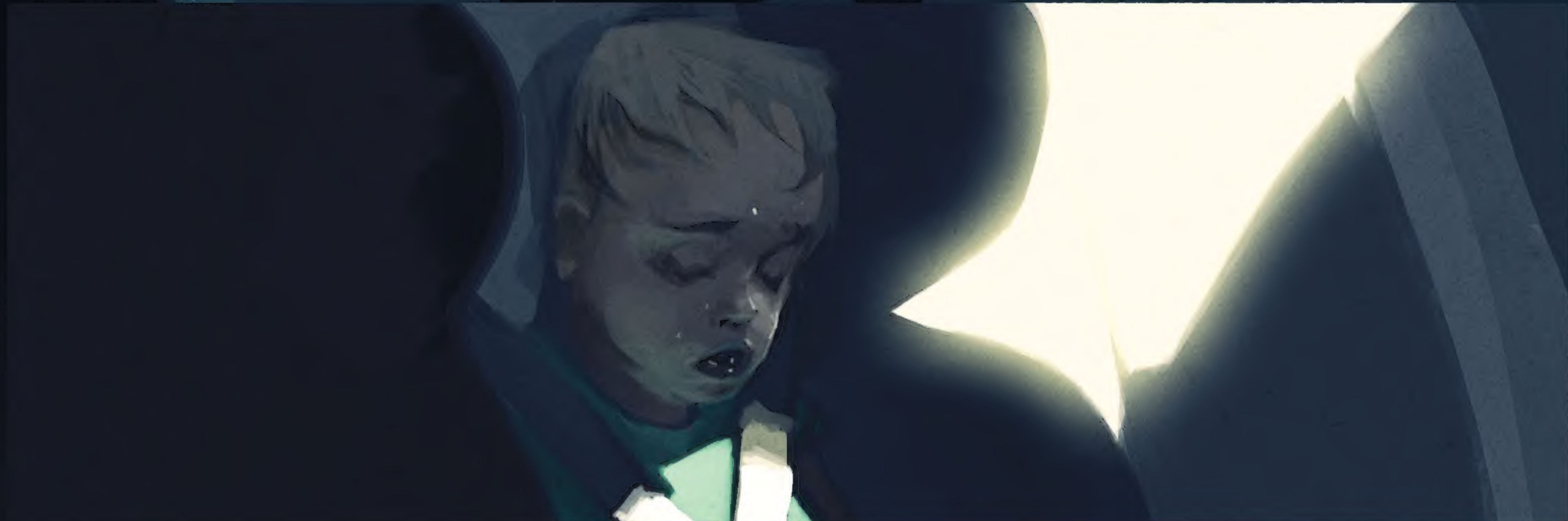
УЛАЛАЛАЛАЛАЛА

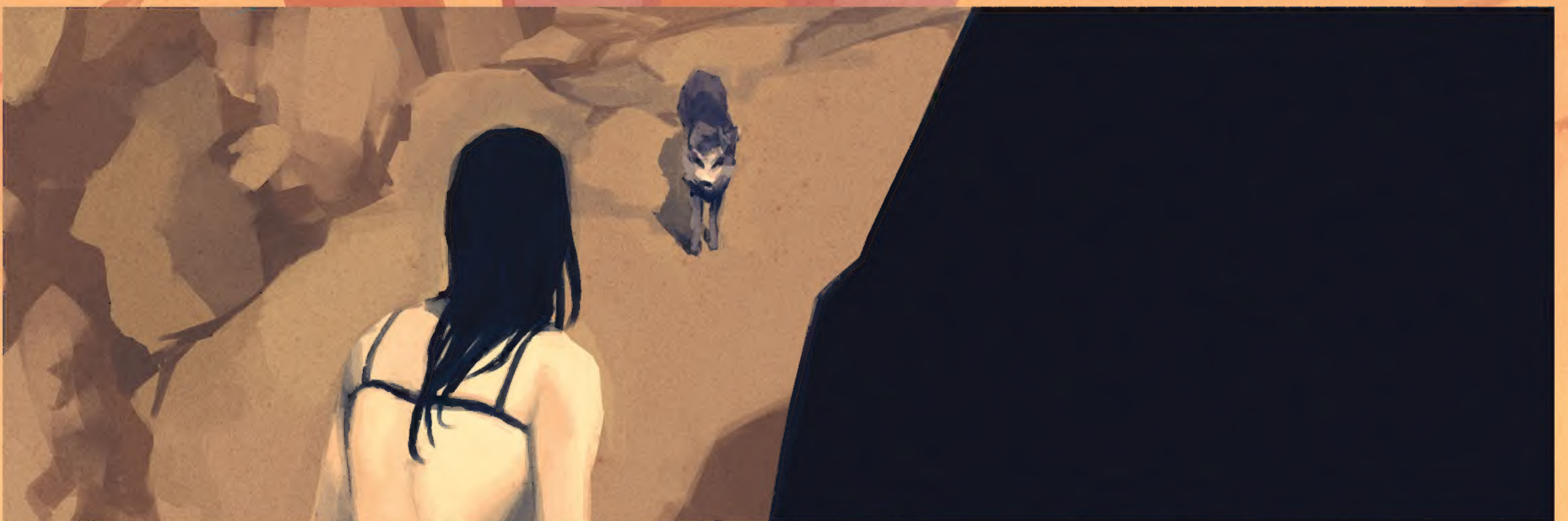




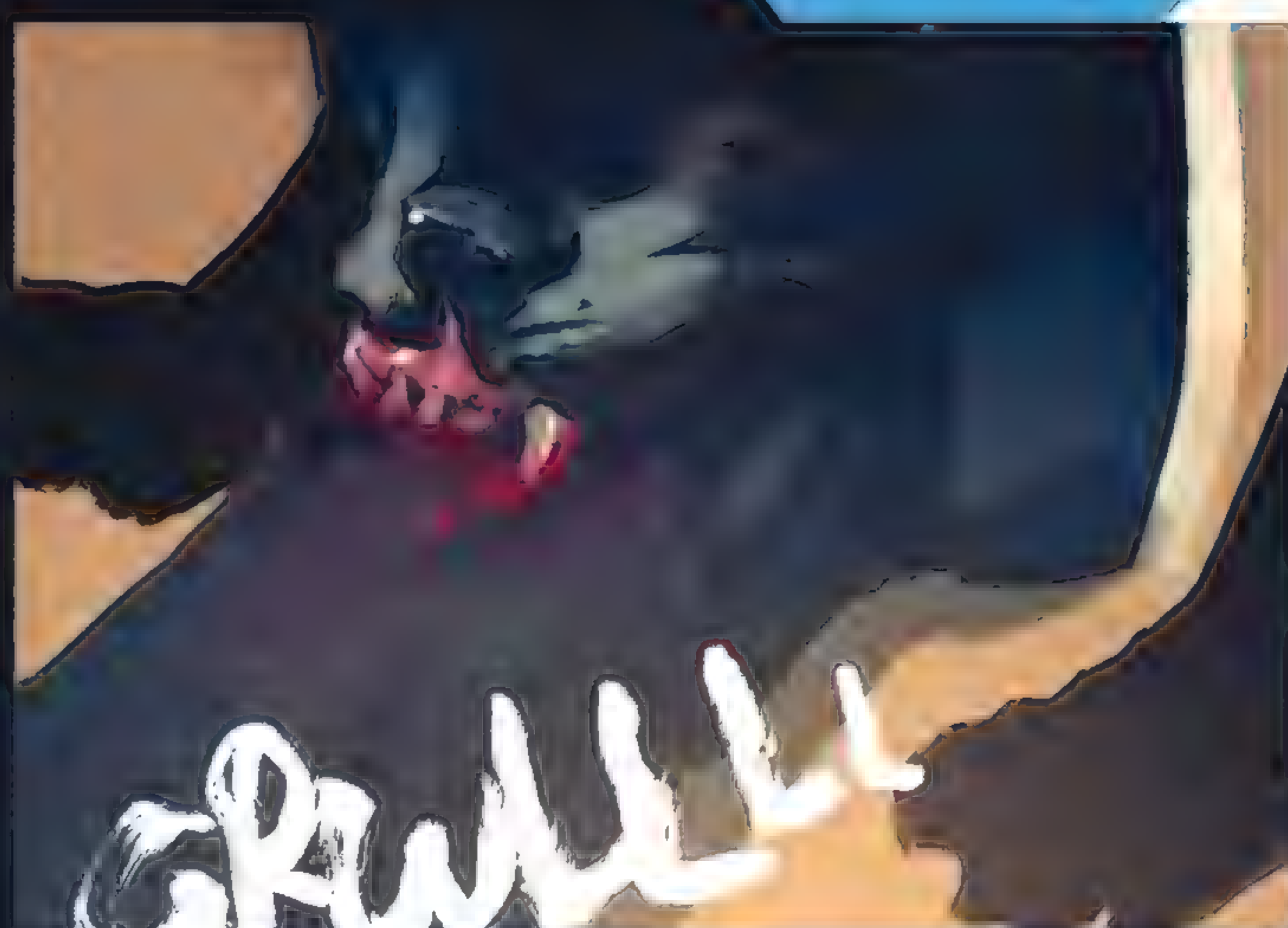
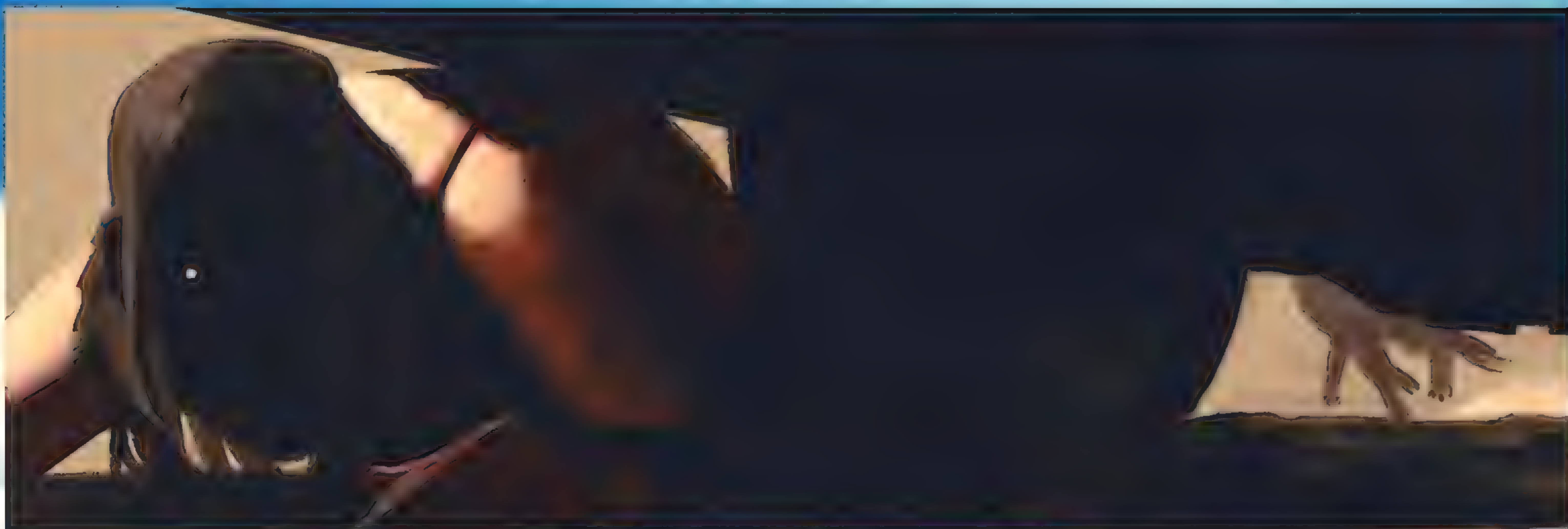












LET GO!

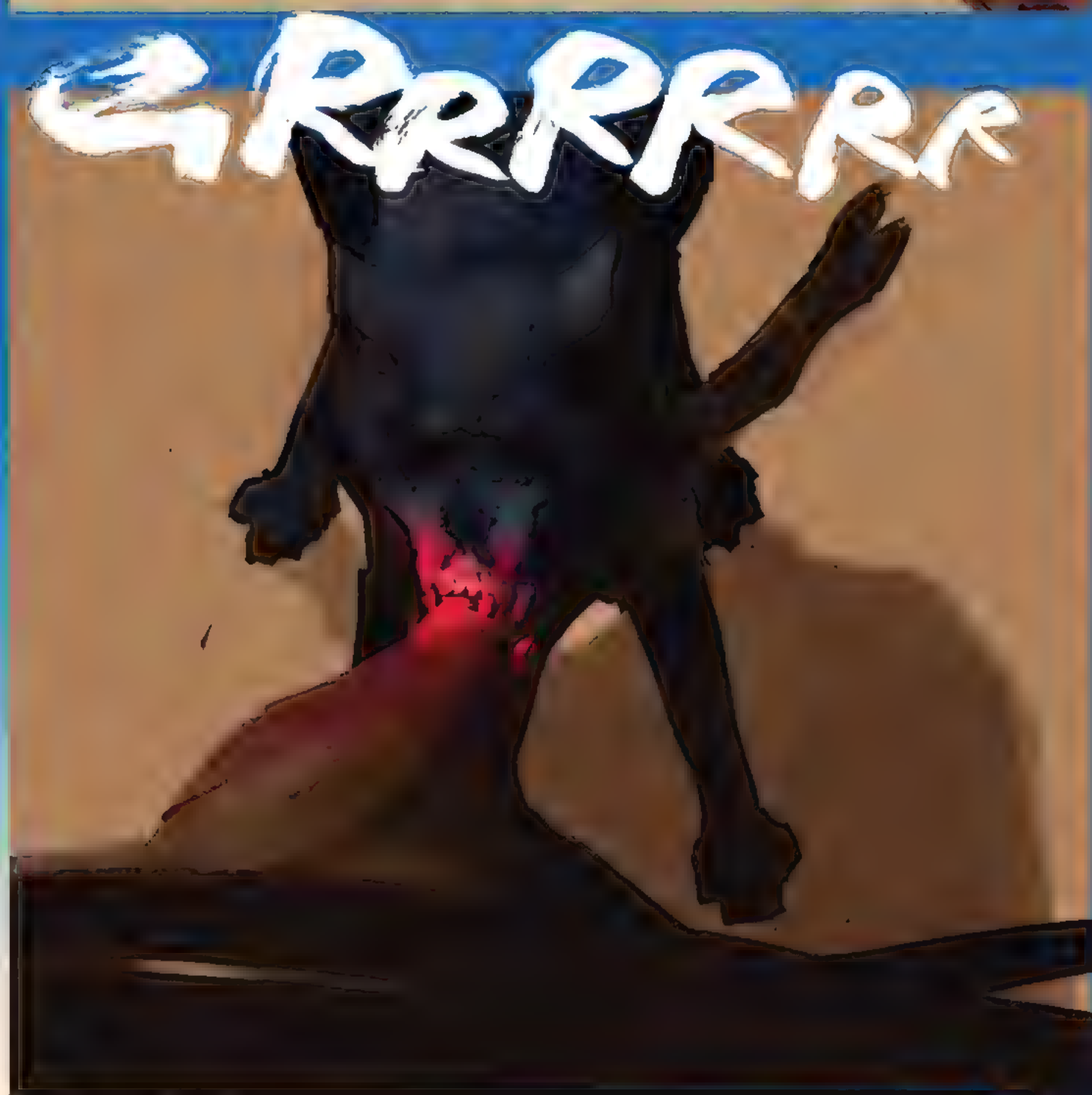
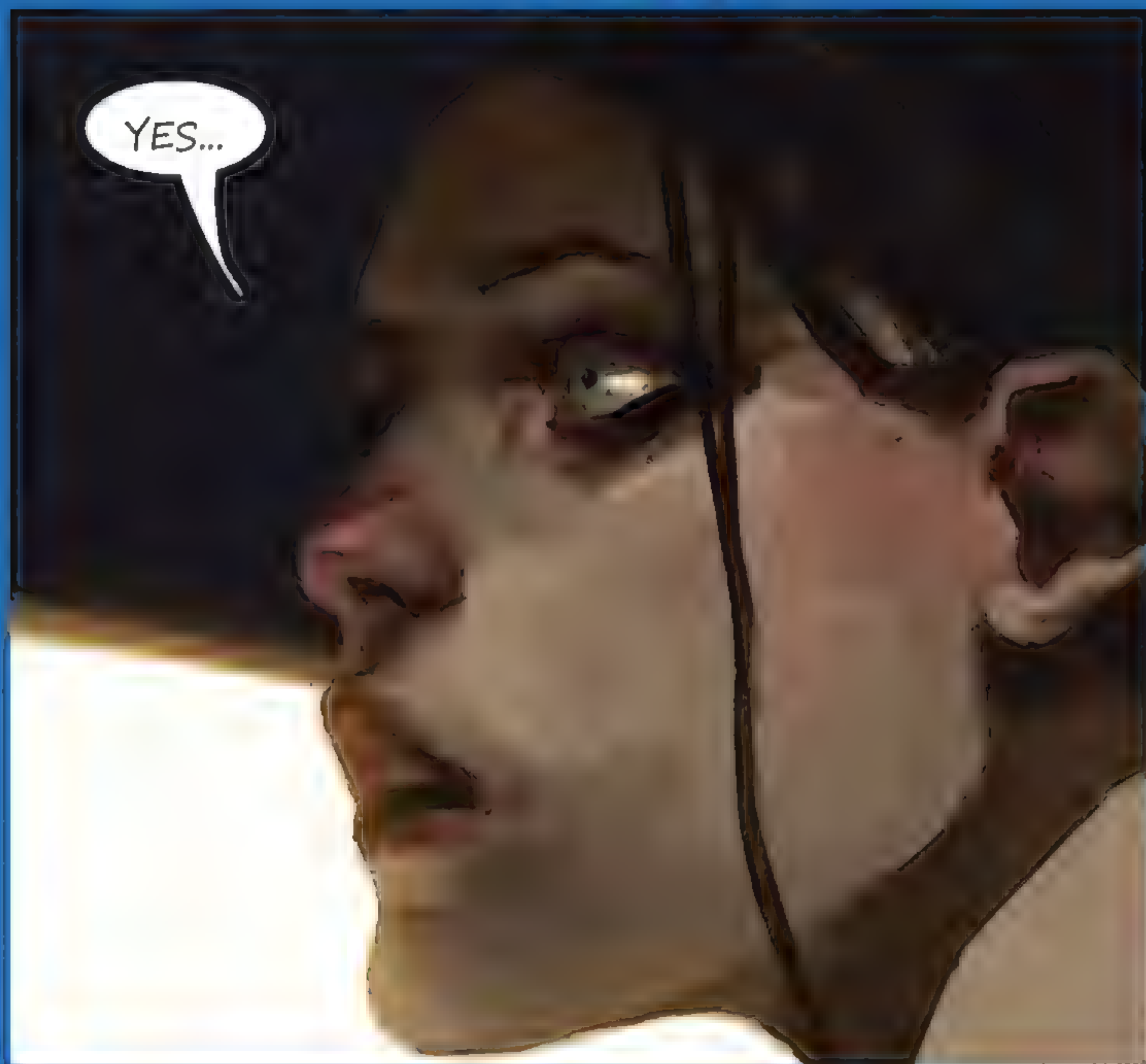
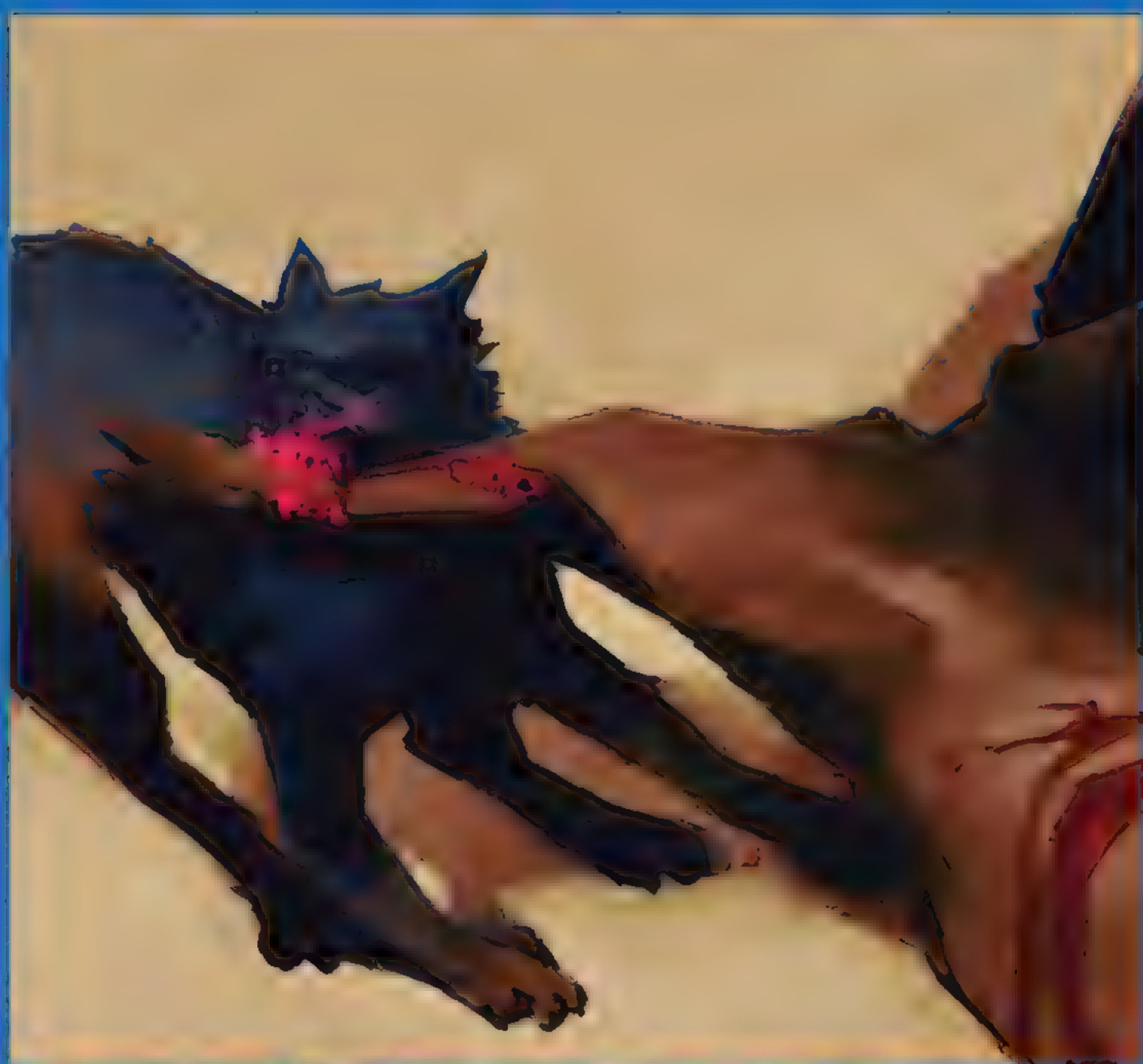
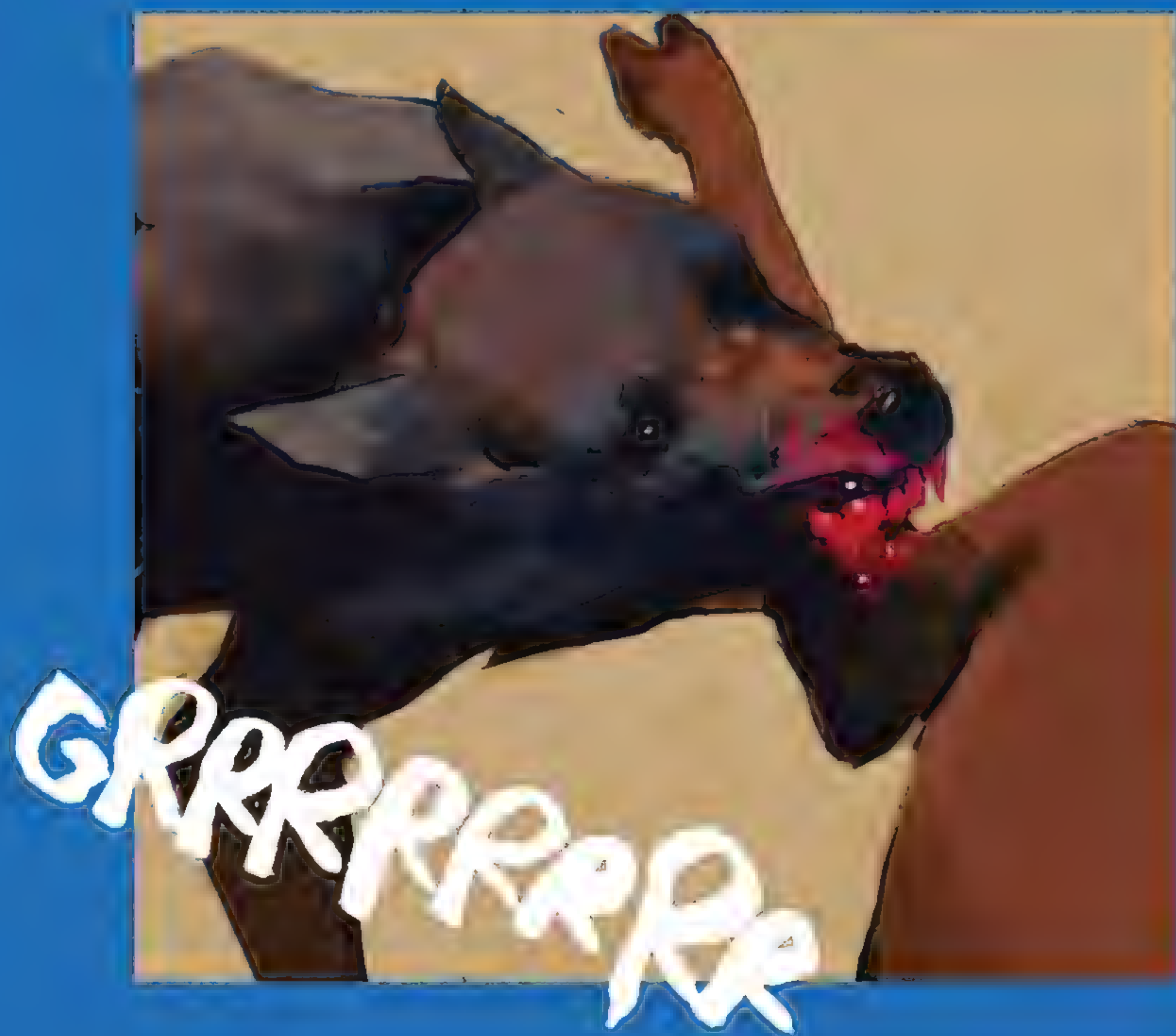




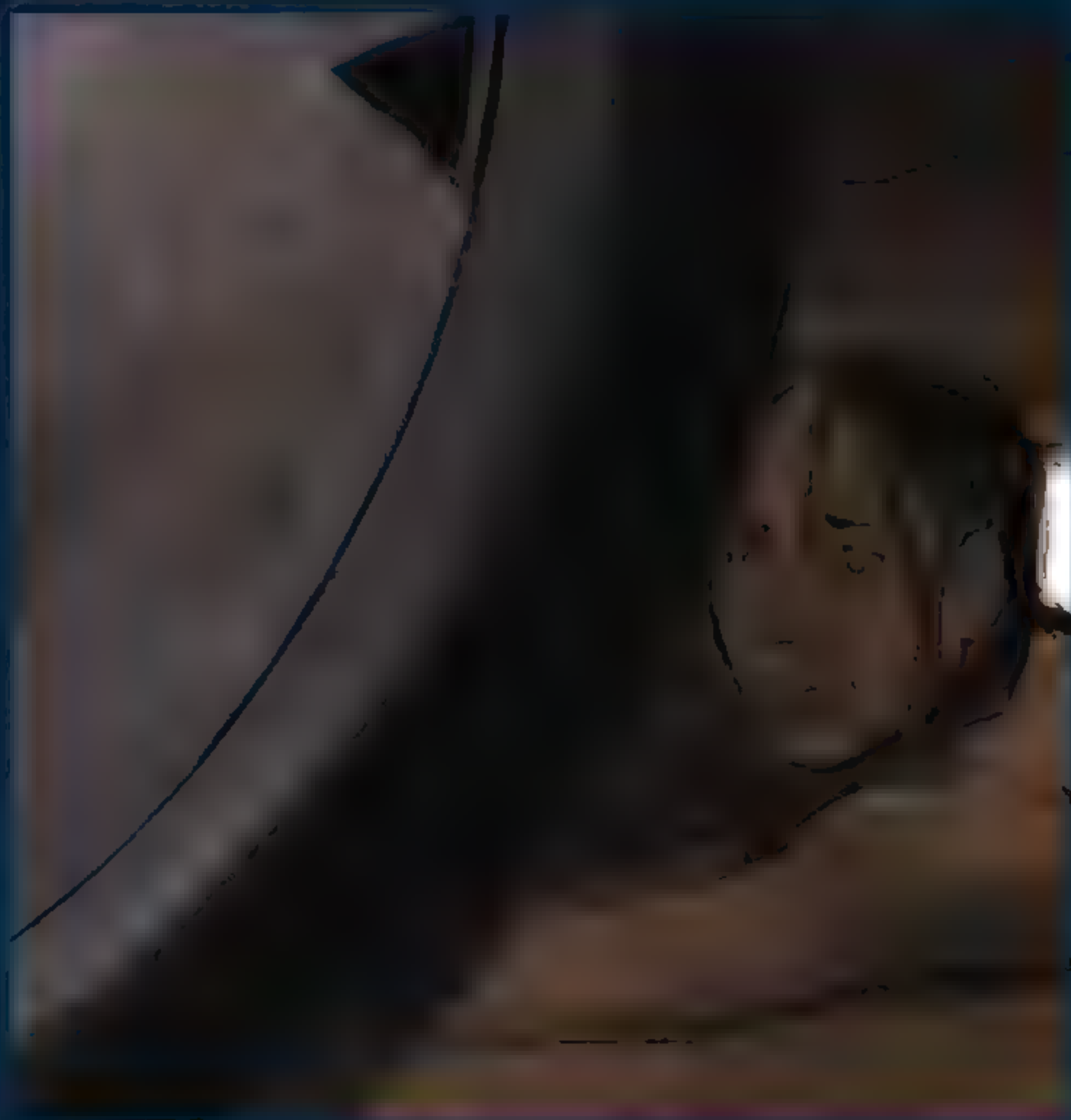
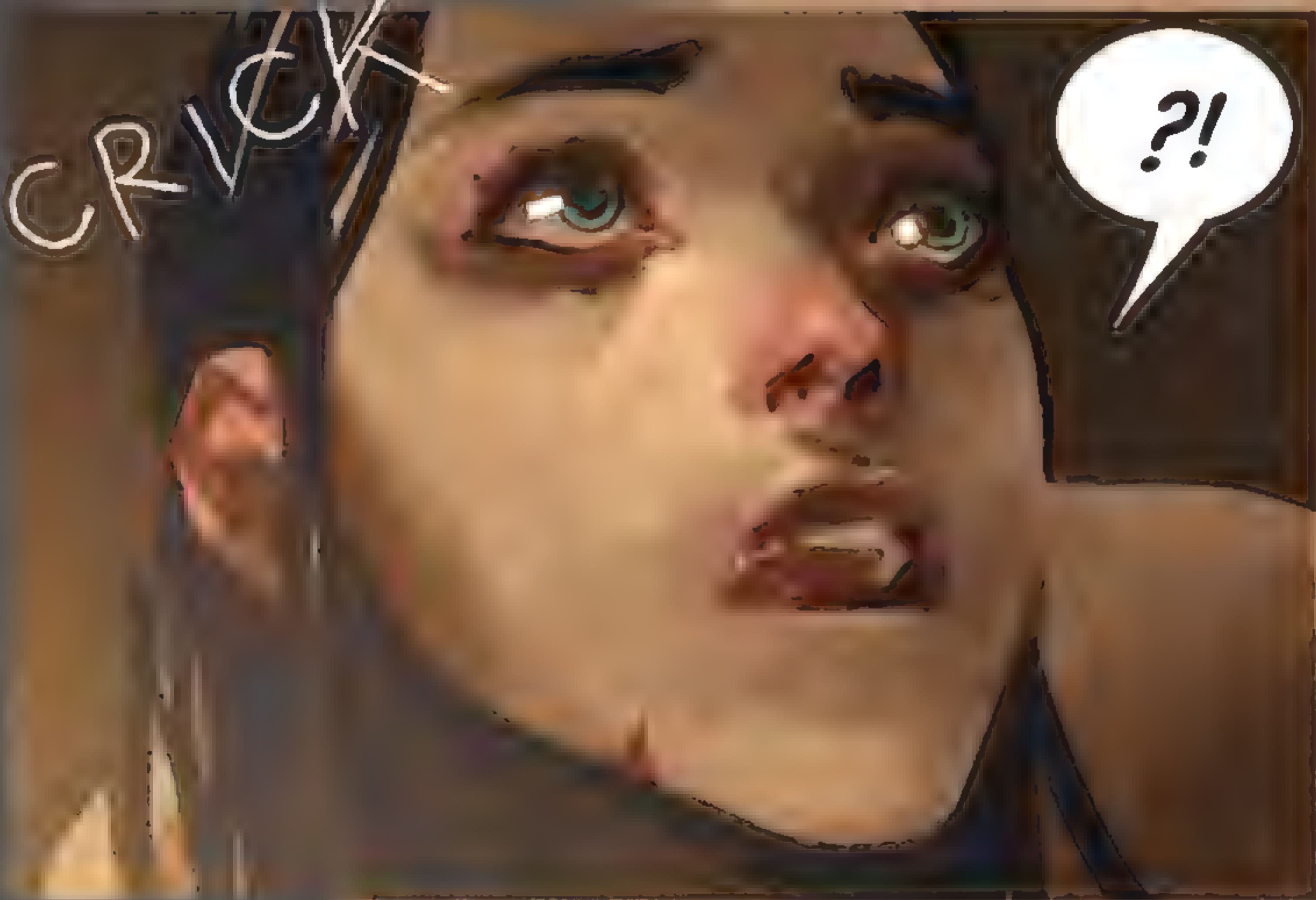
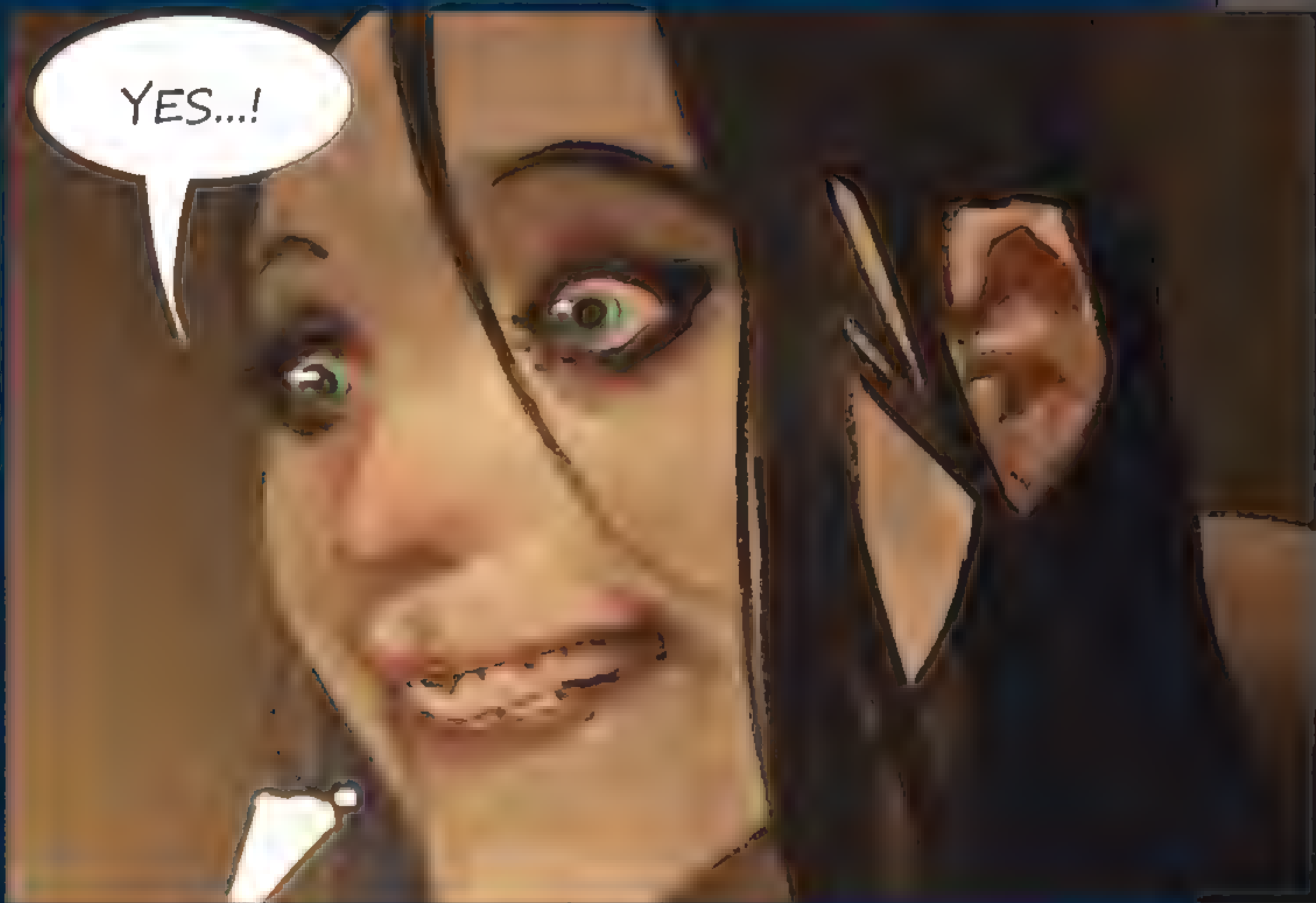
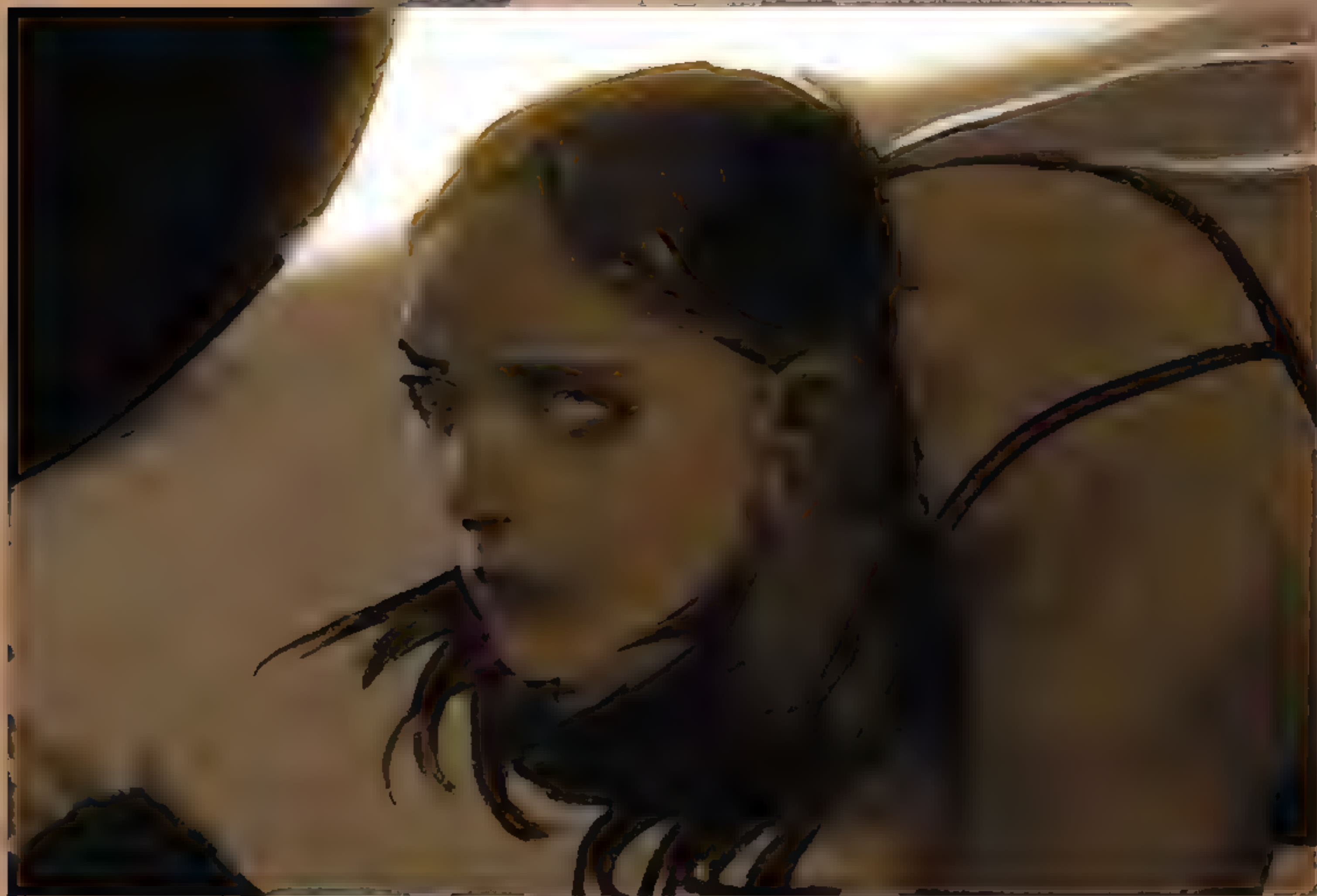
YEAH... EAT HIM!



GROWL



GRRRRRRRR





IT'S MOVING!



NONONO NO!



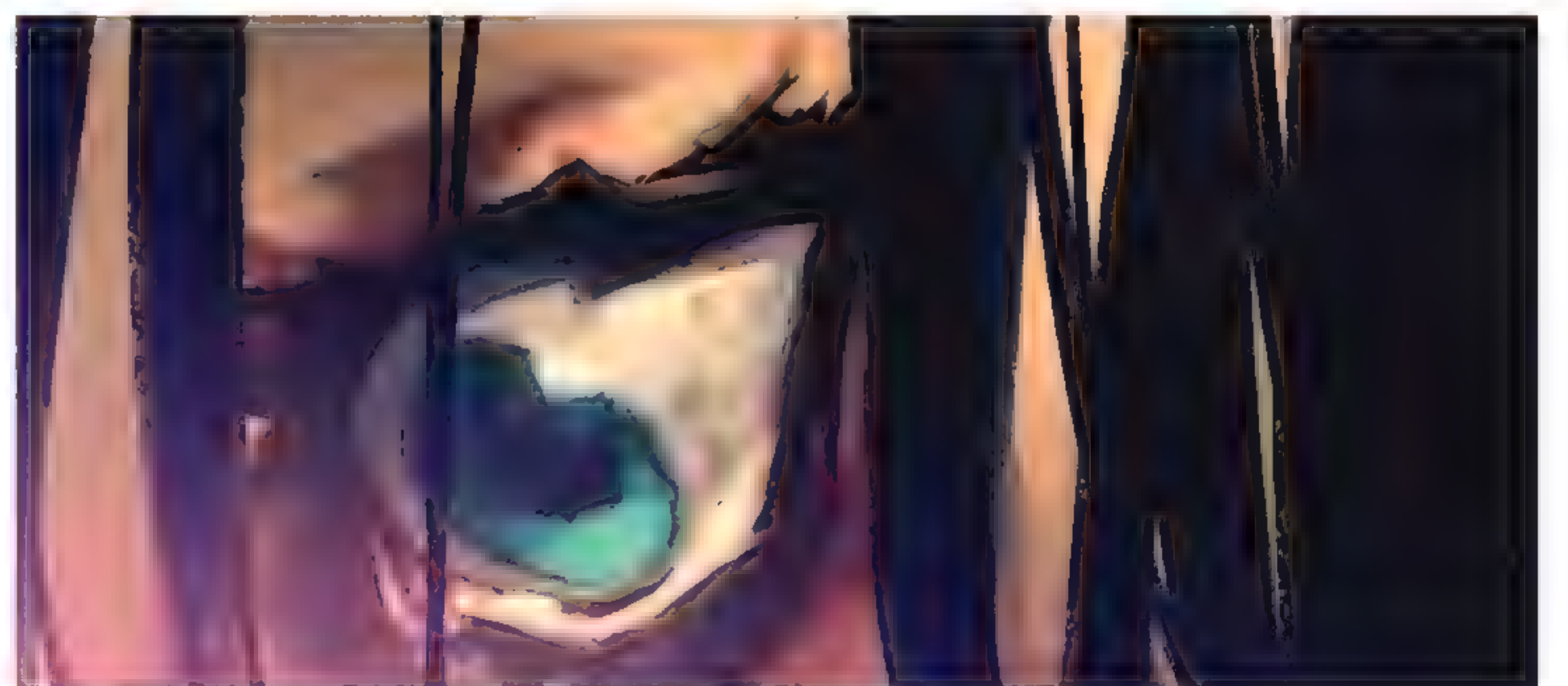
STOP!



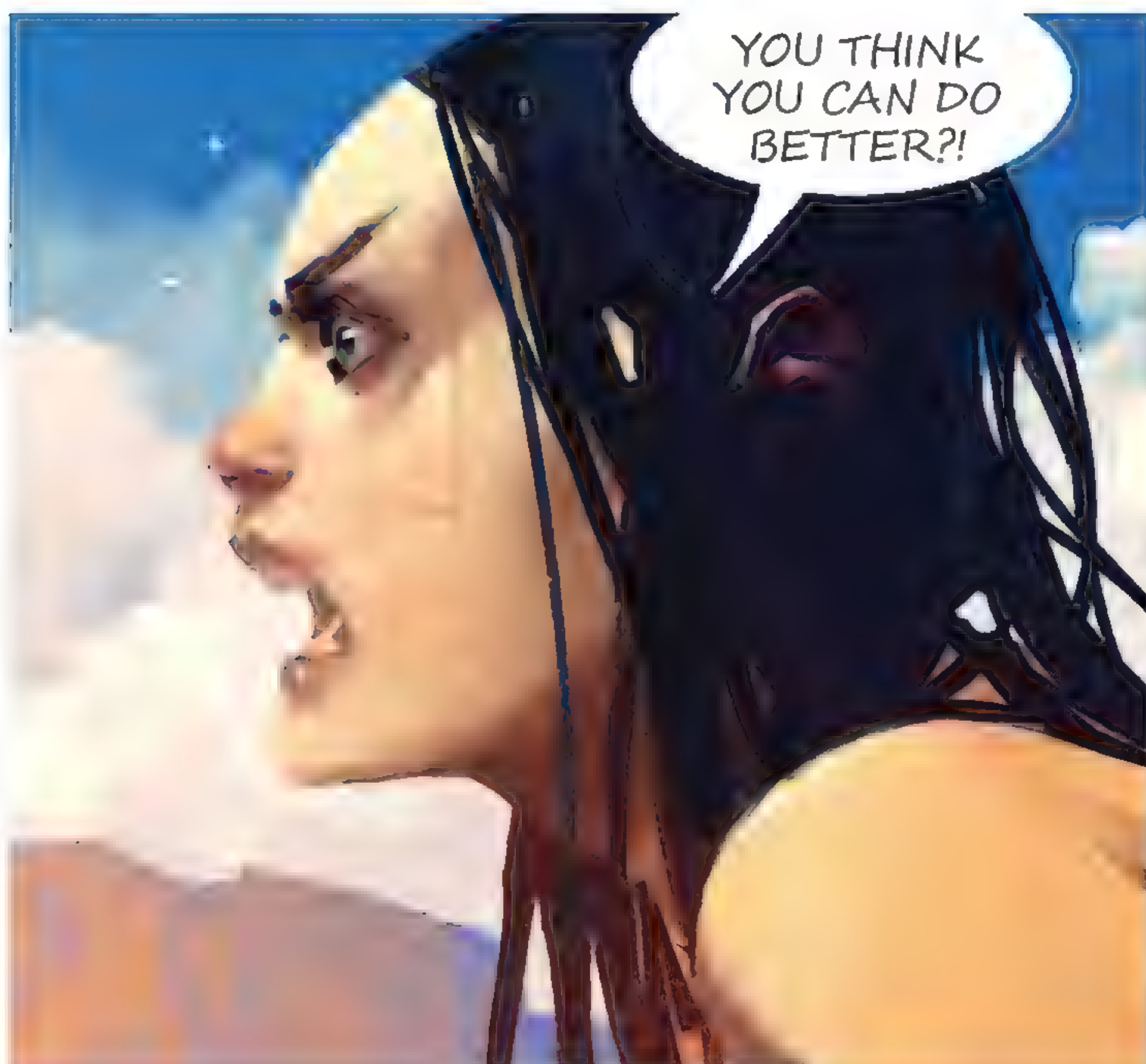
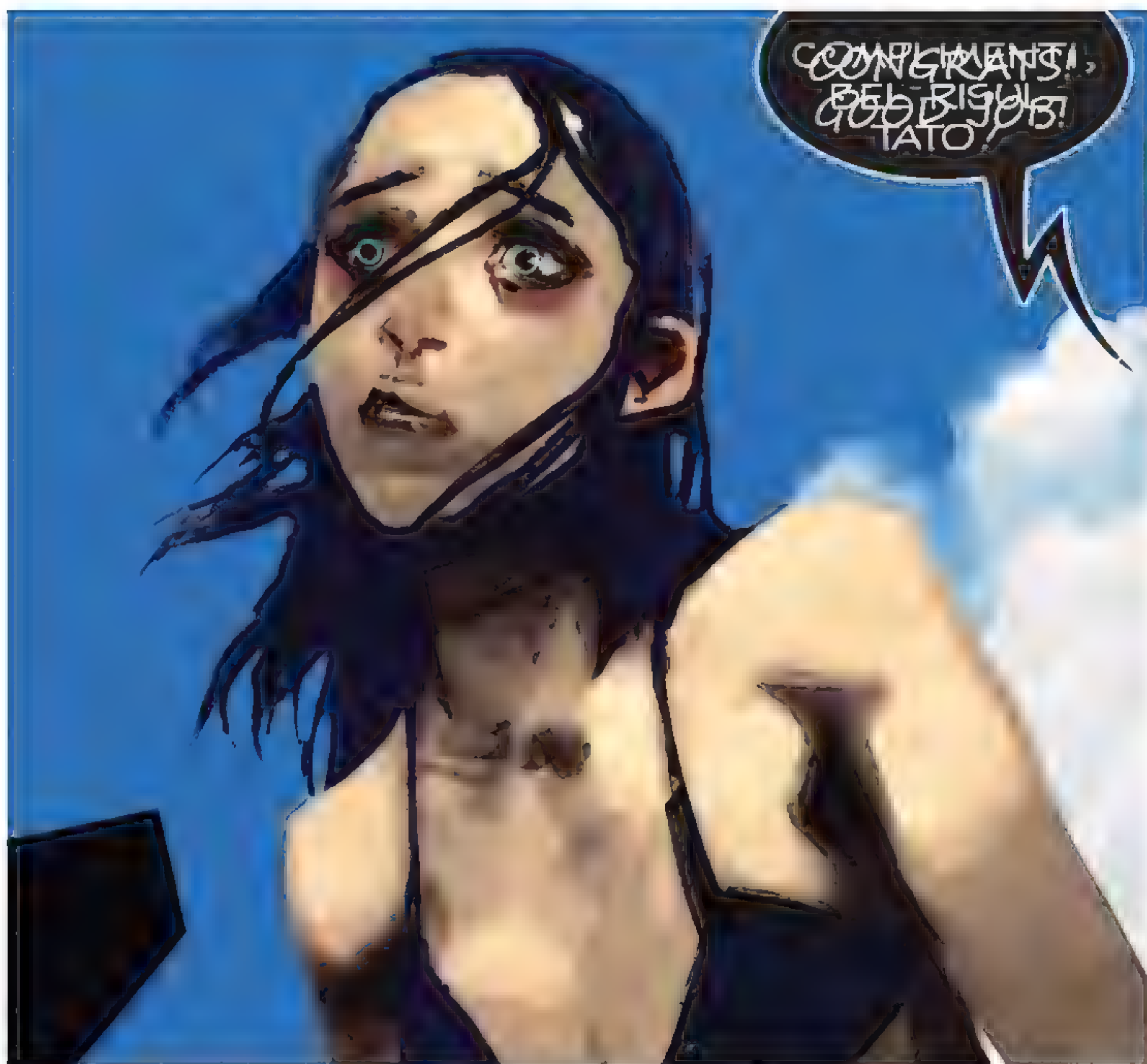
FUCKING MACHINE...



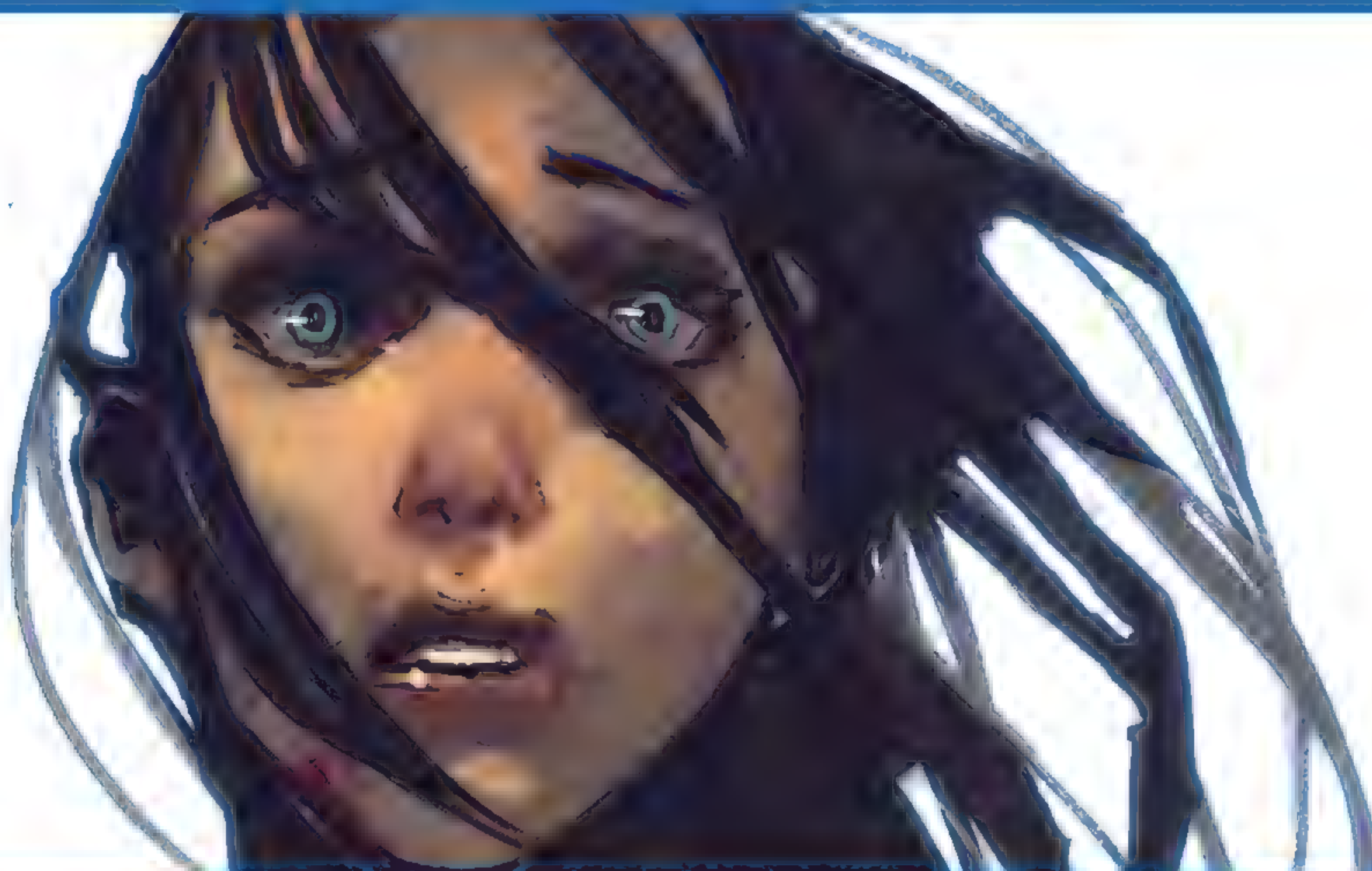
STOP!

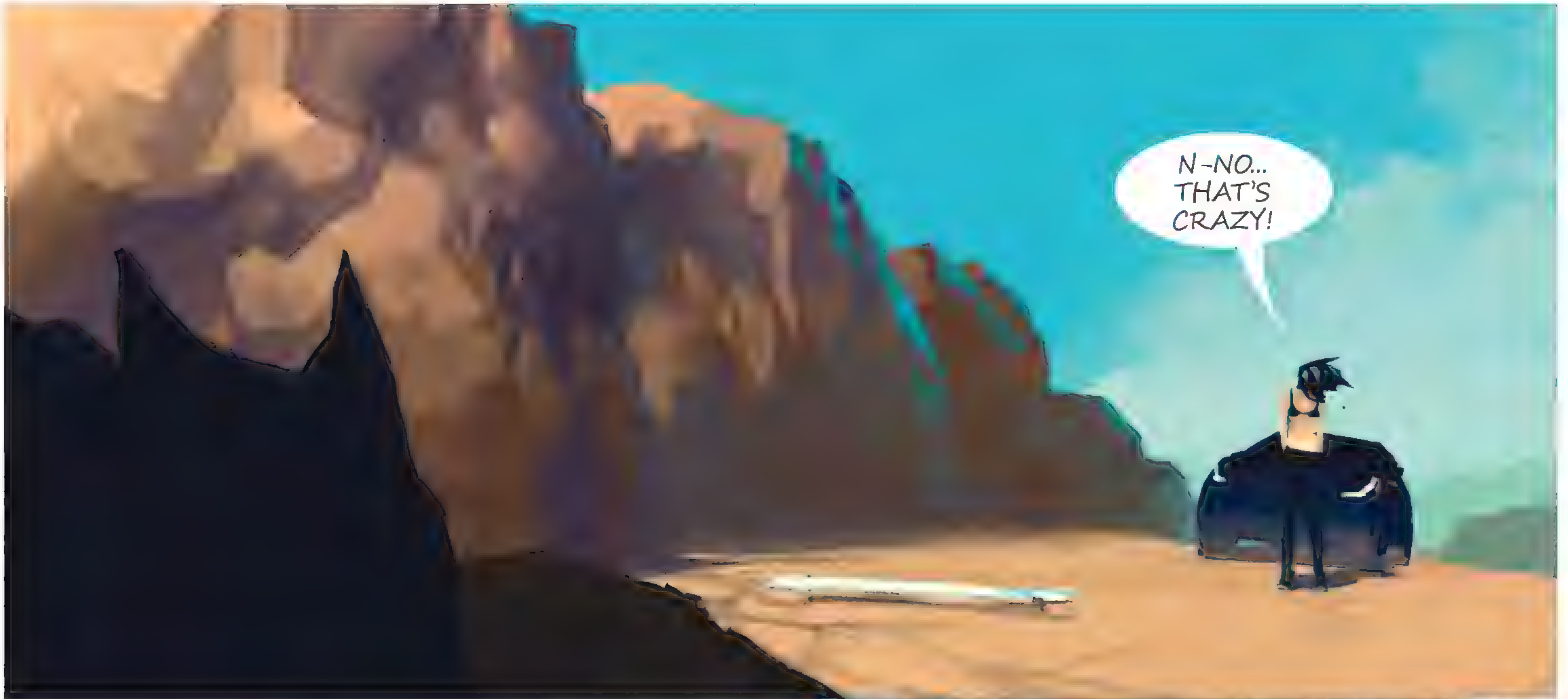


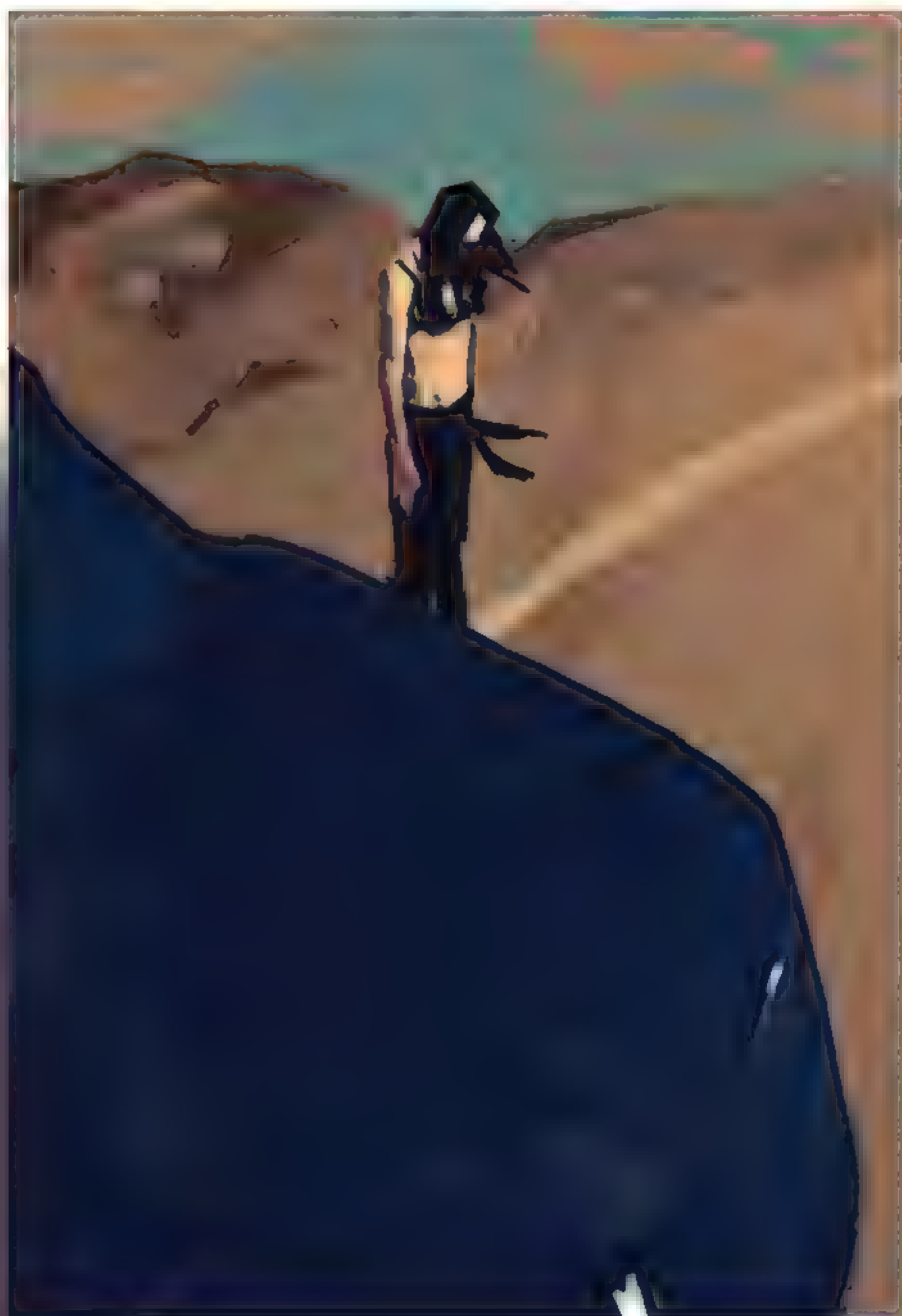
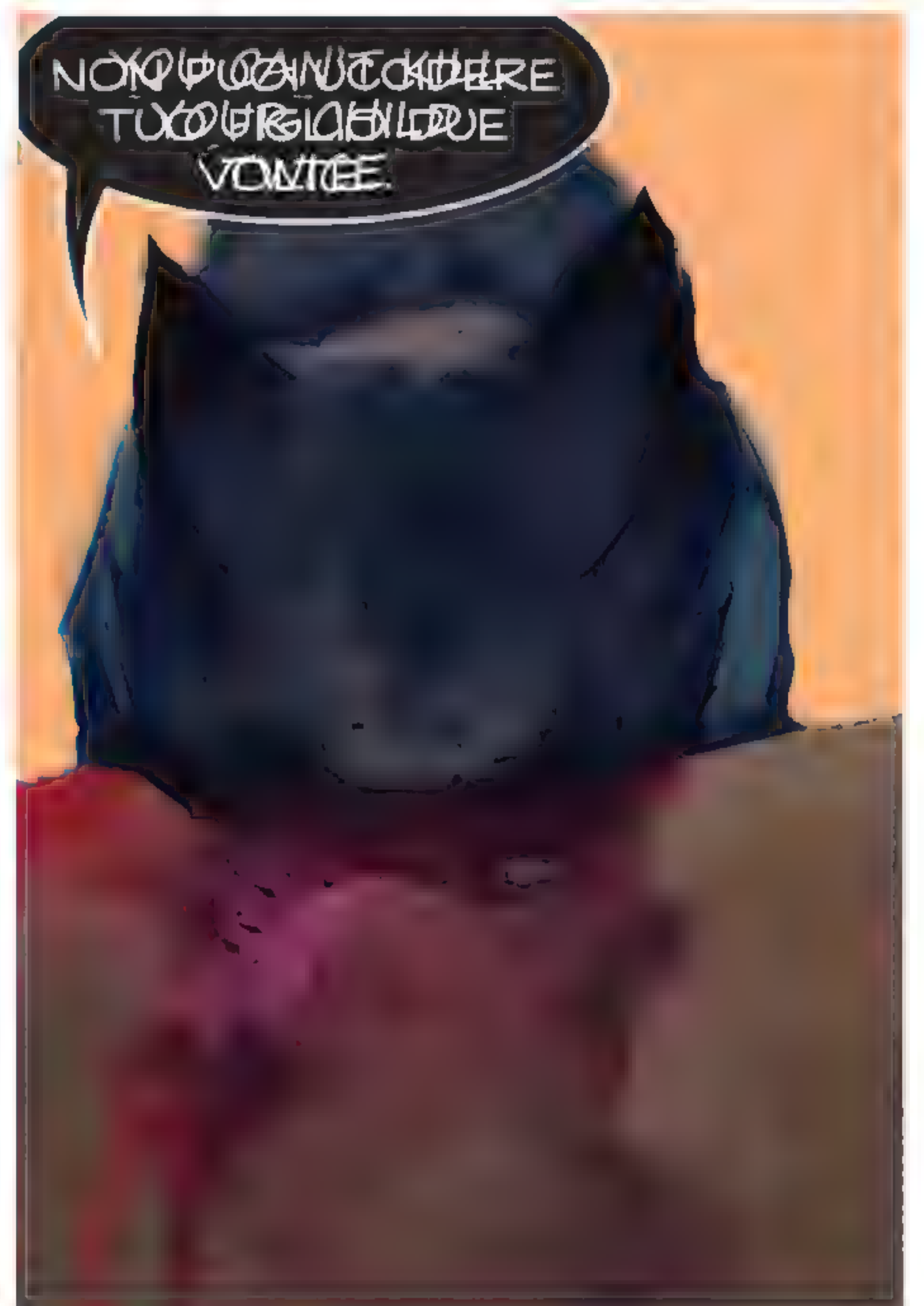
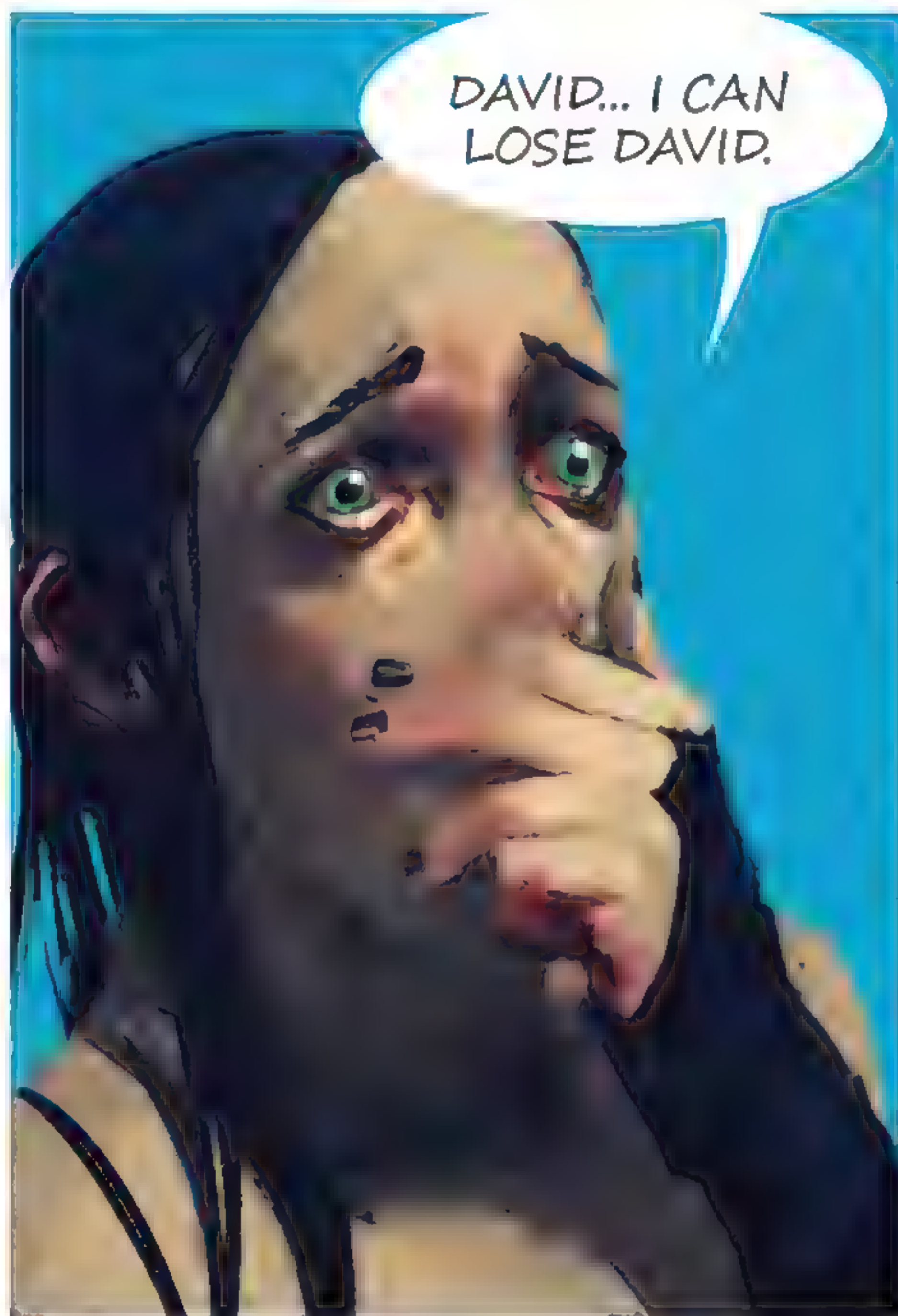




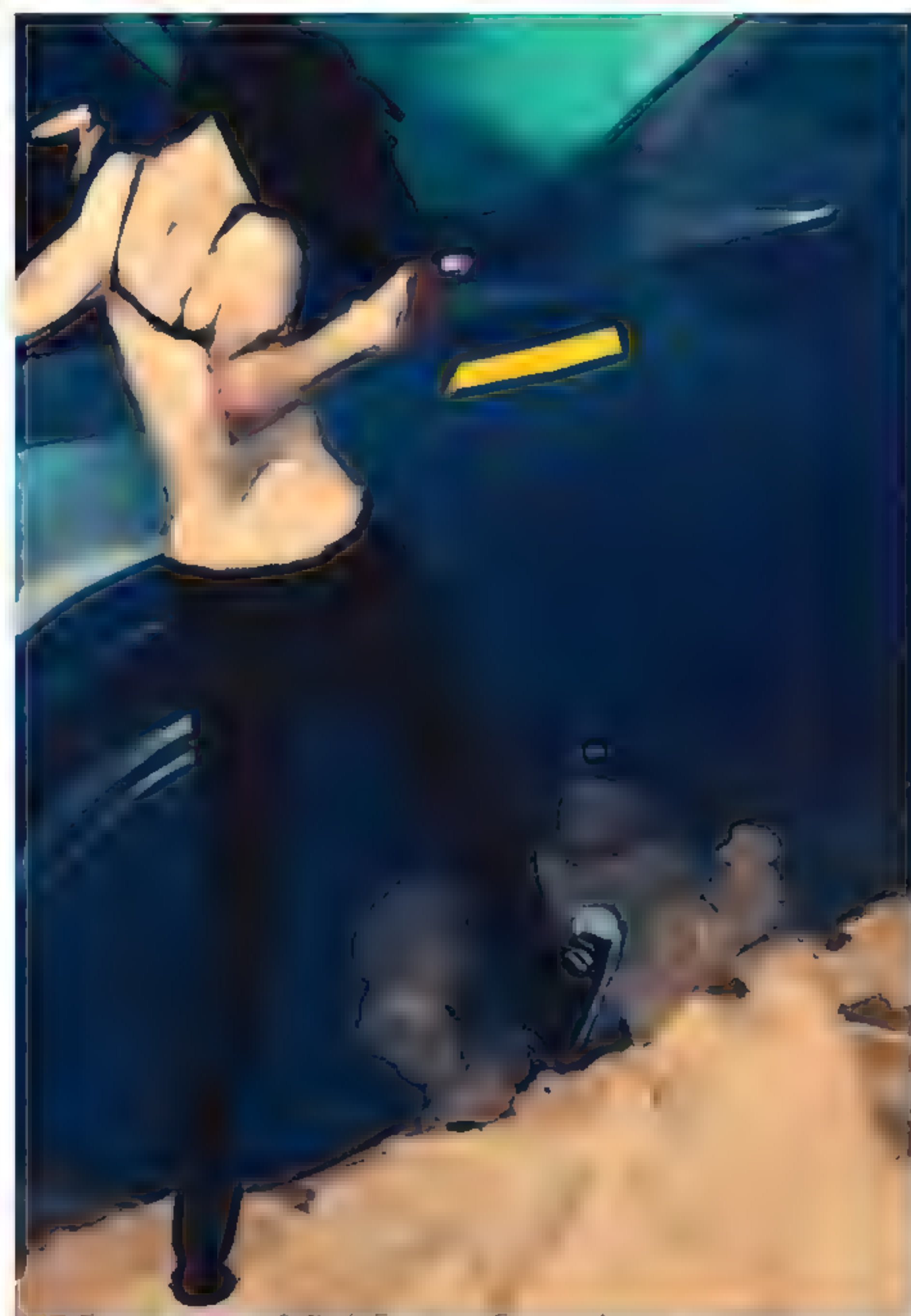
COYOTES
ALWAYS HAVE
A PLAN...





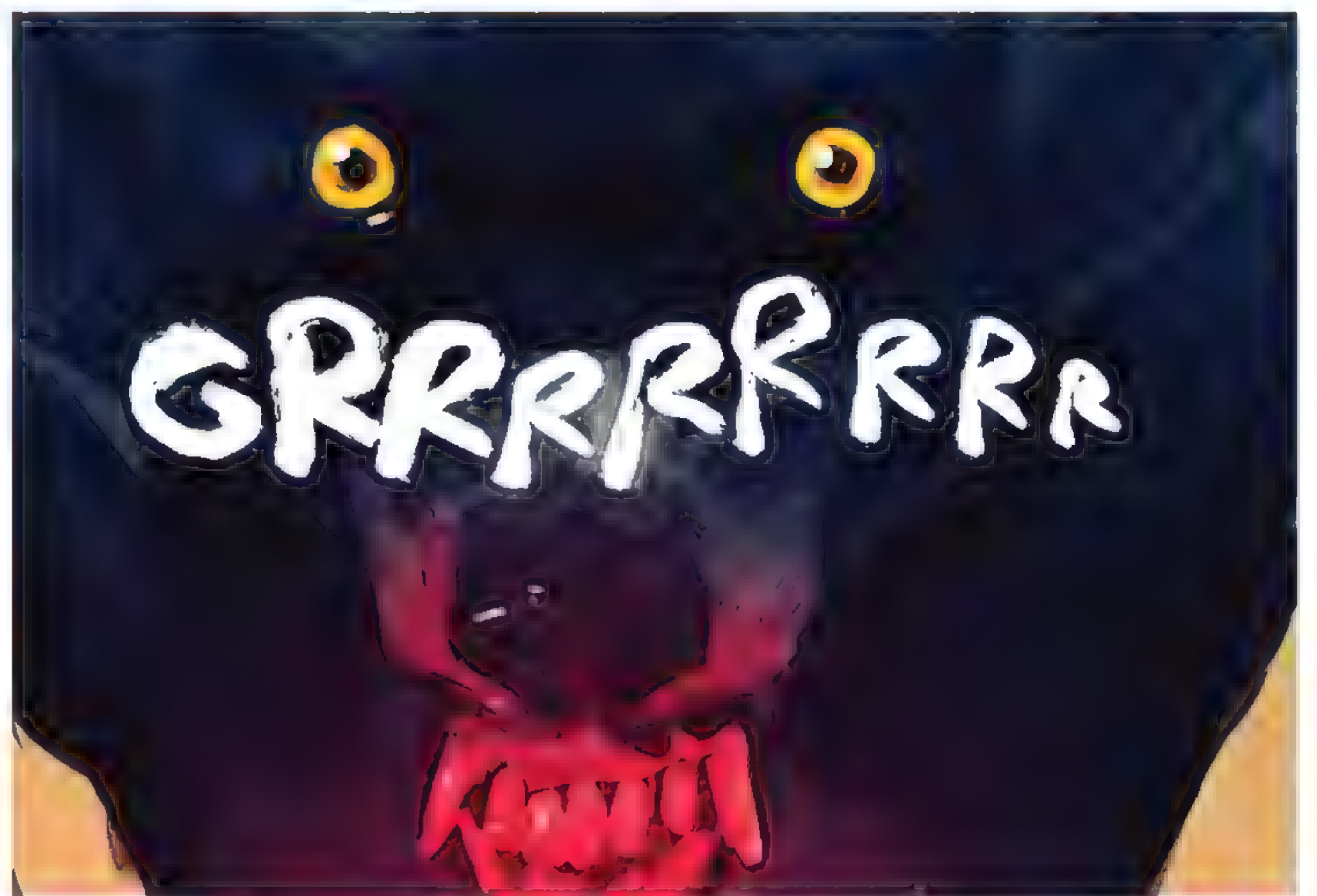
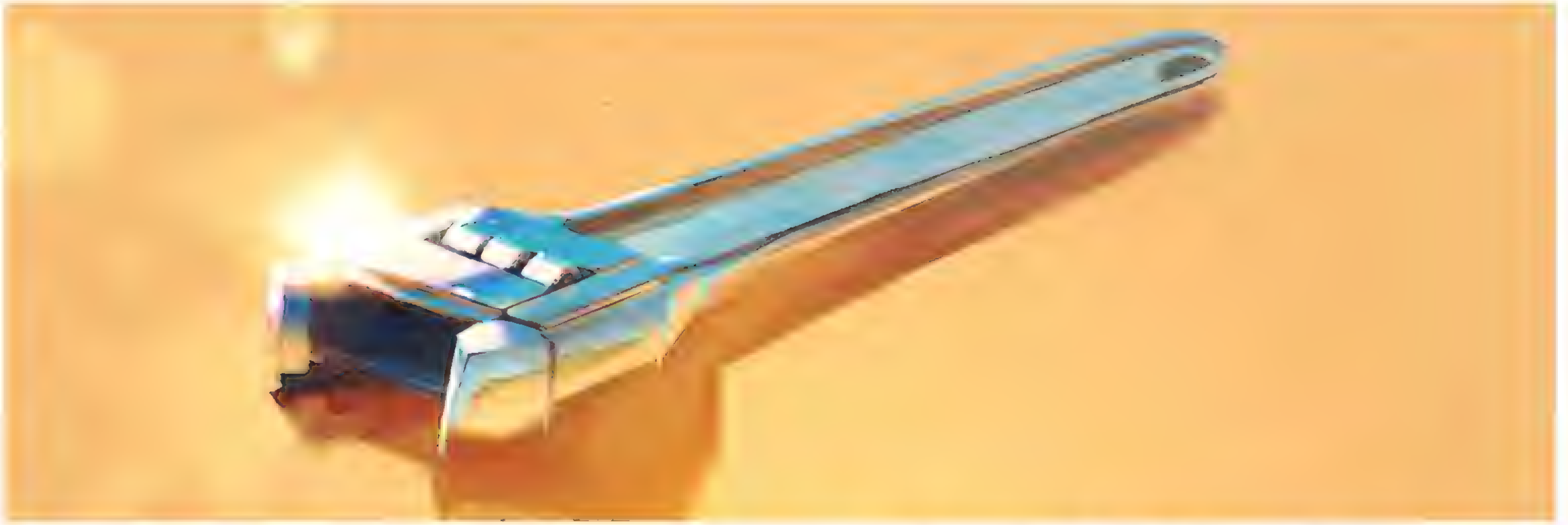






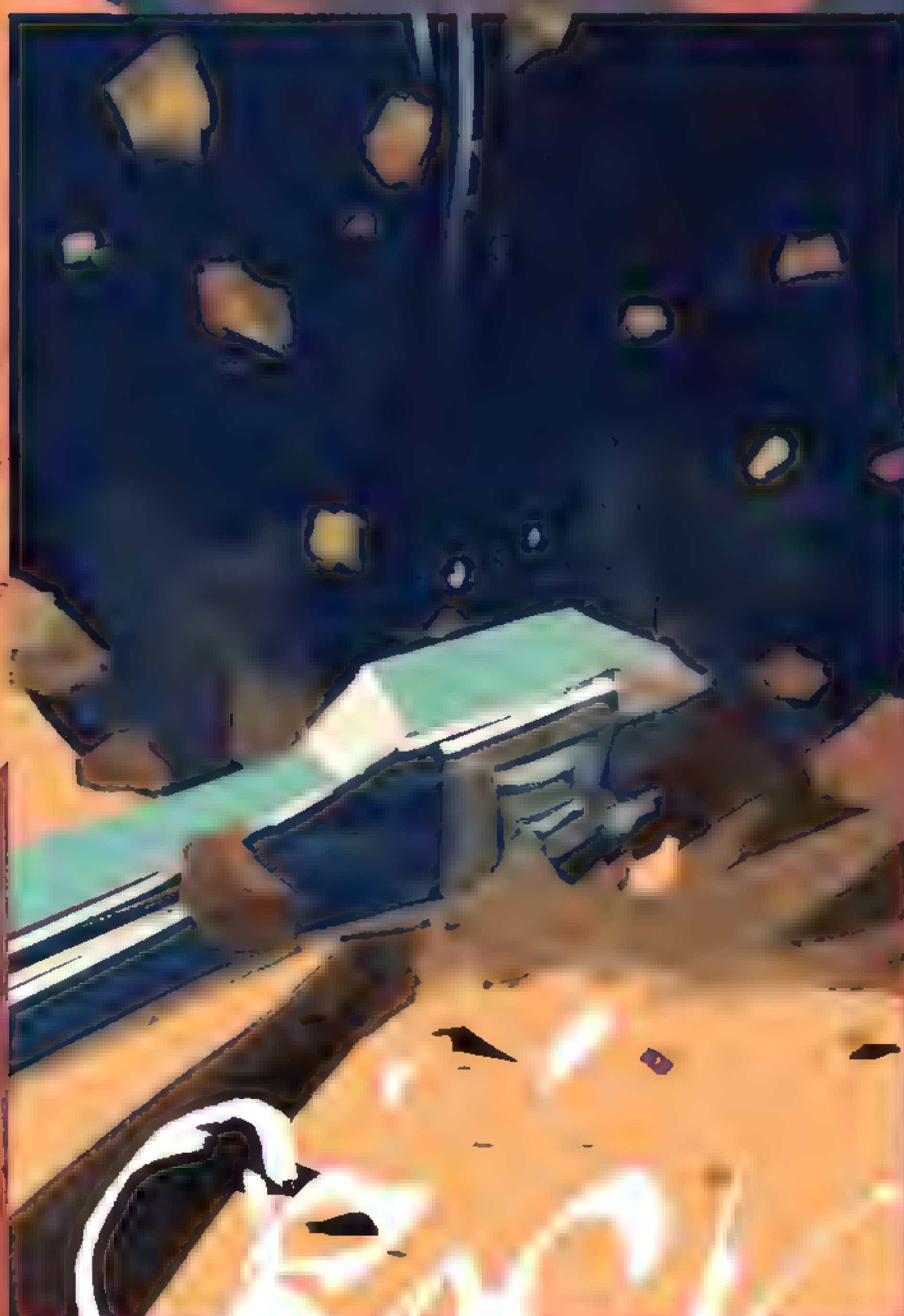
THIS IS
USELESS...

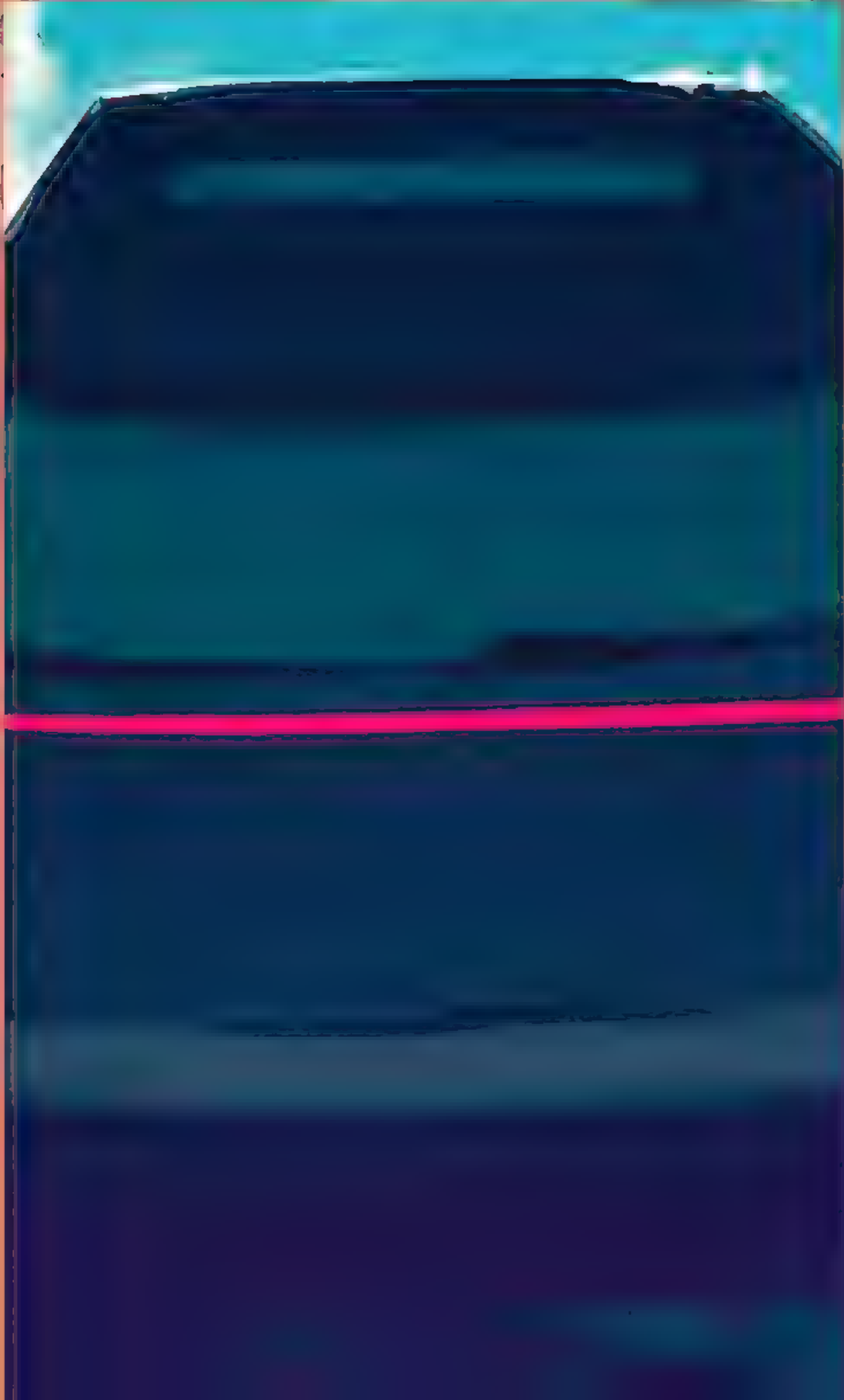
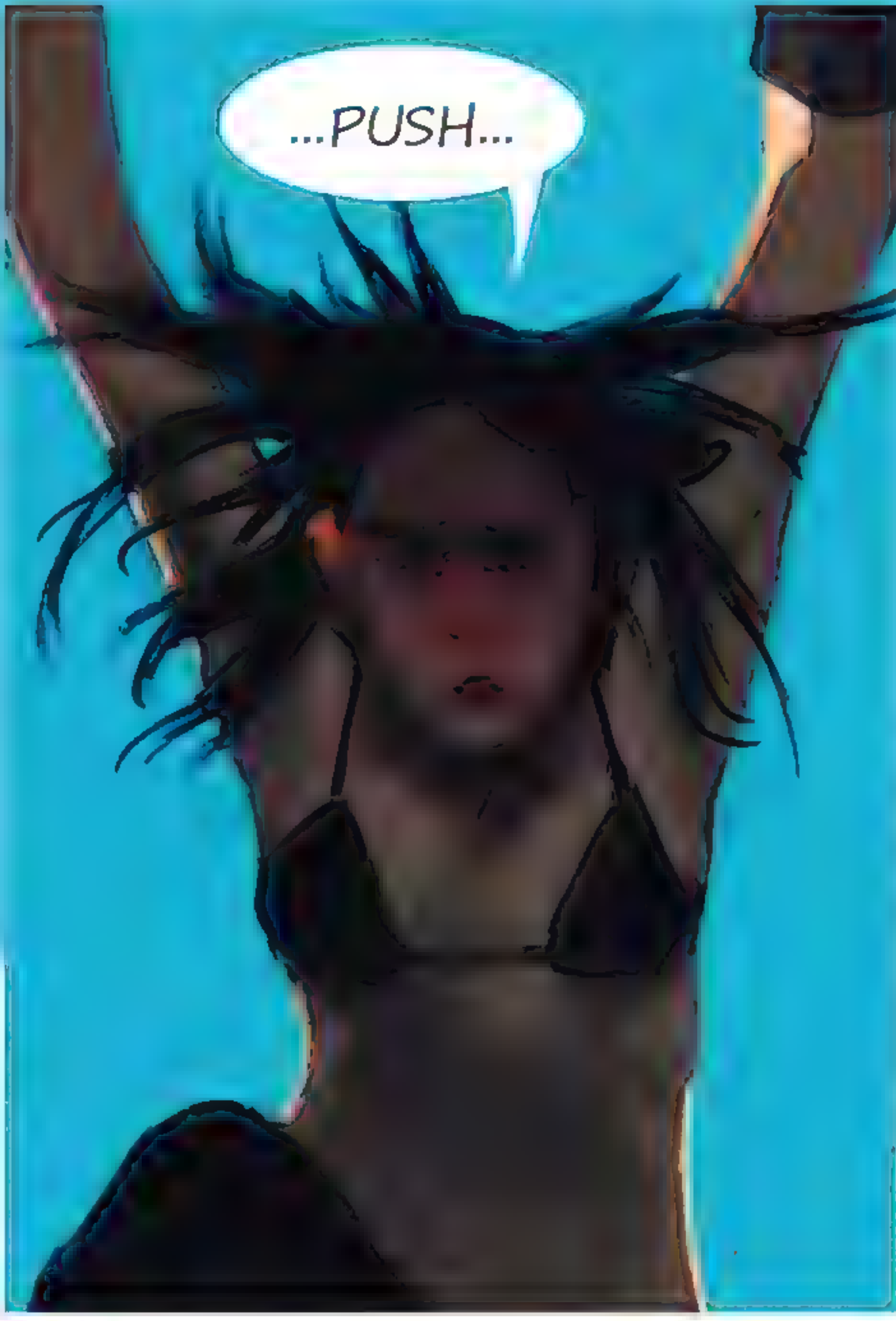








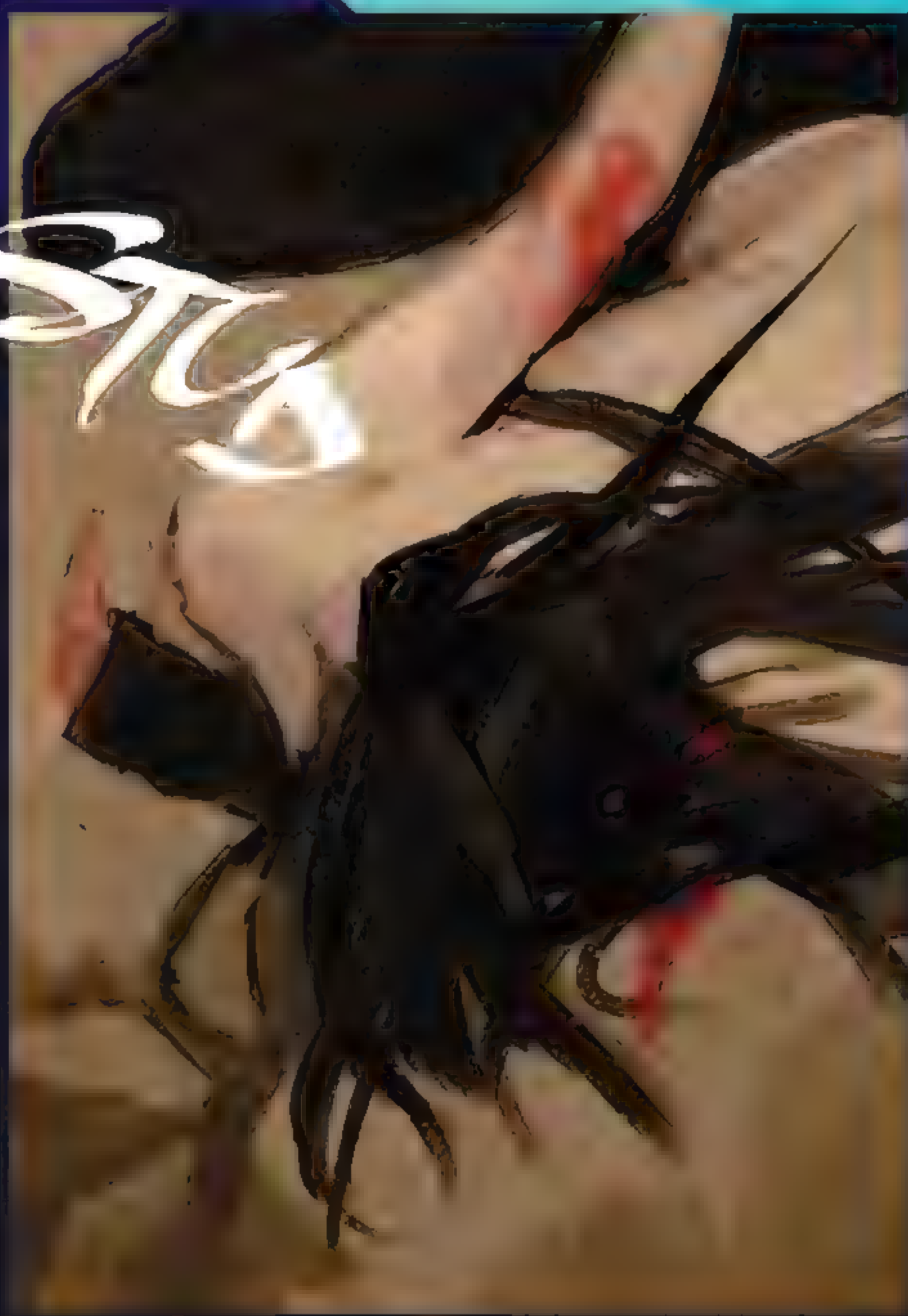
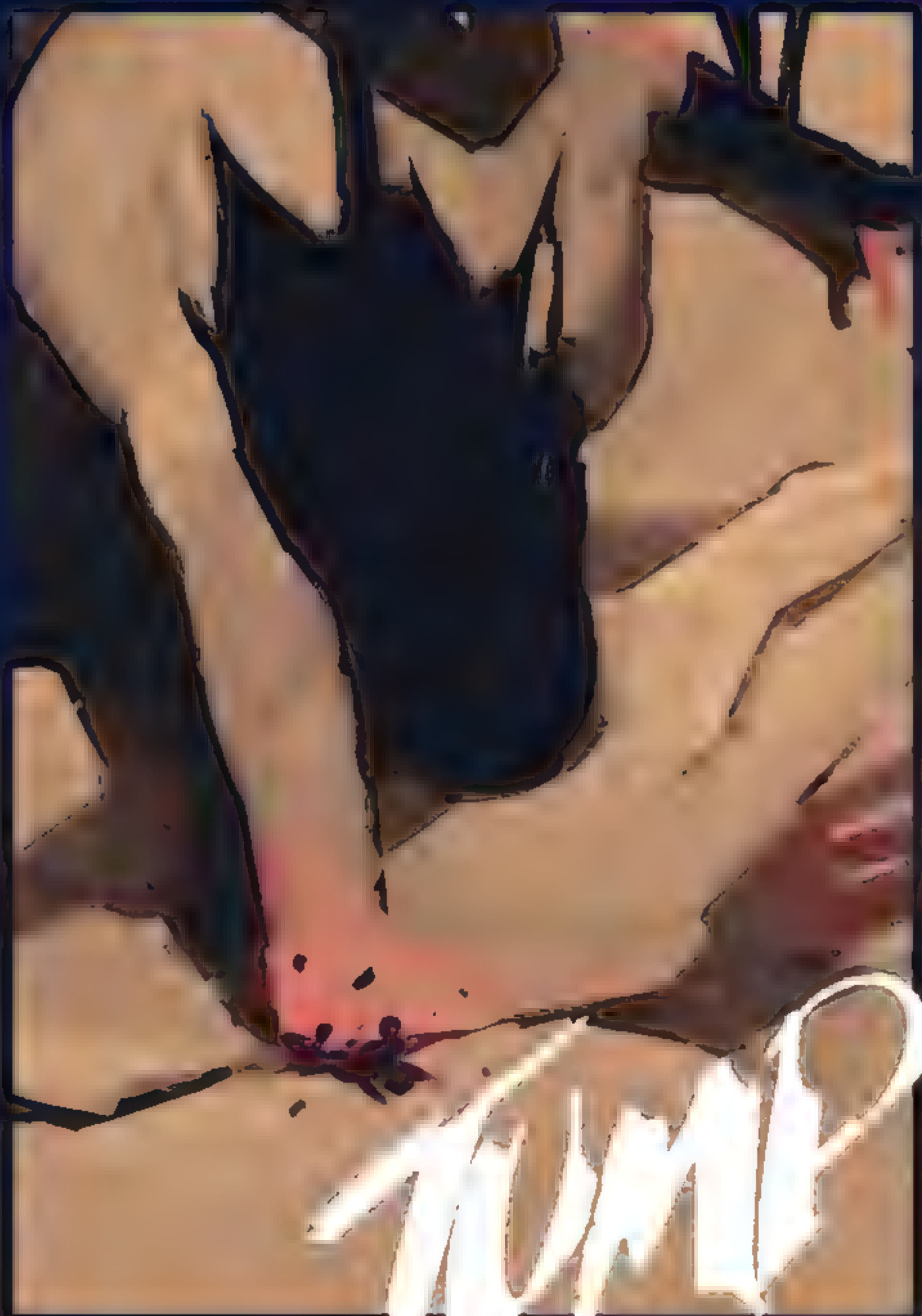
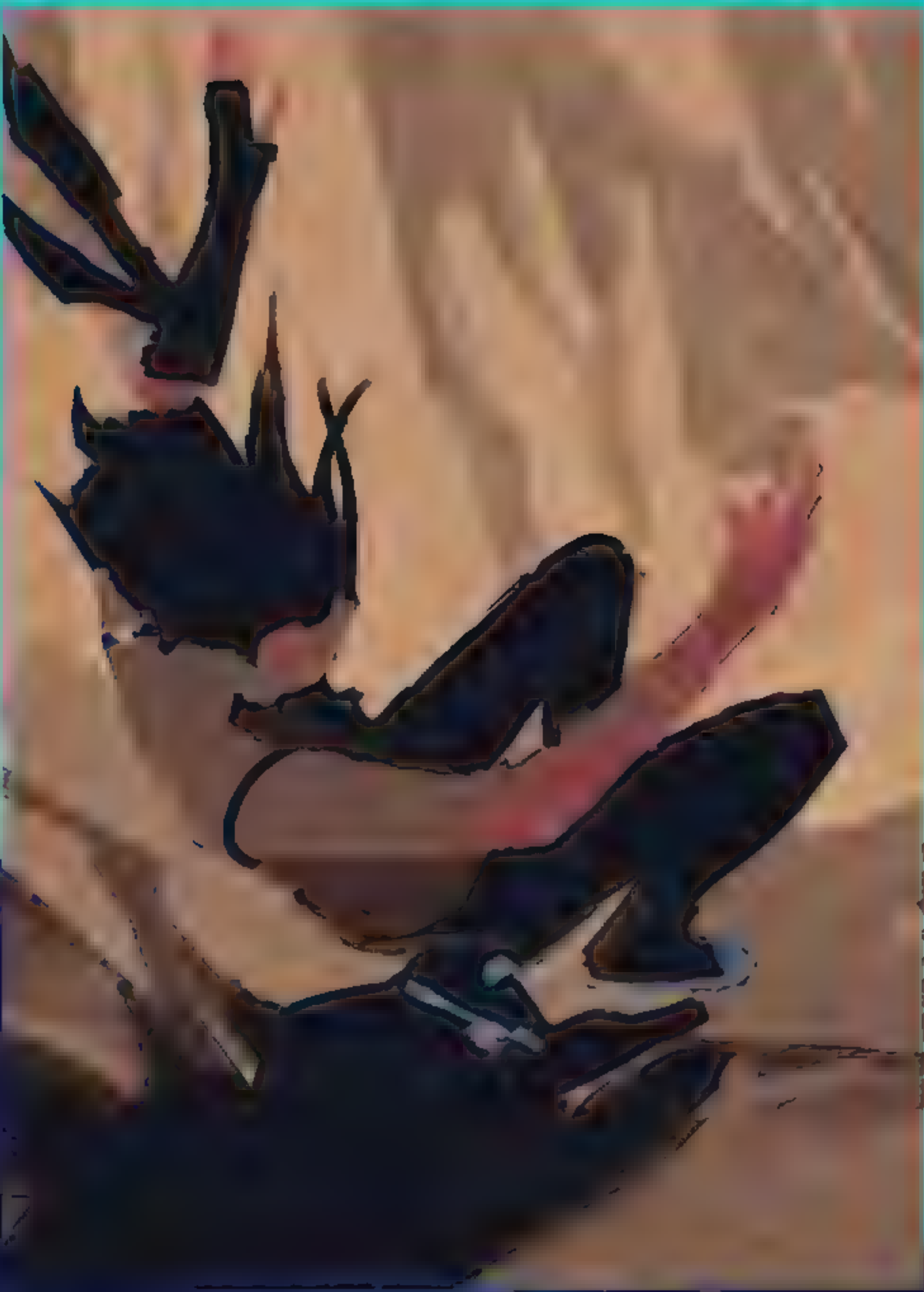




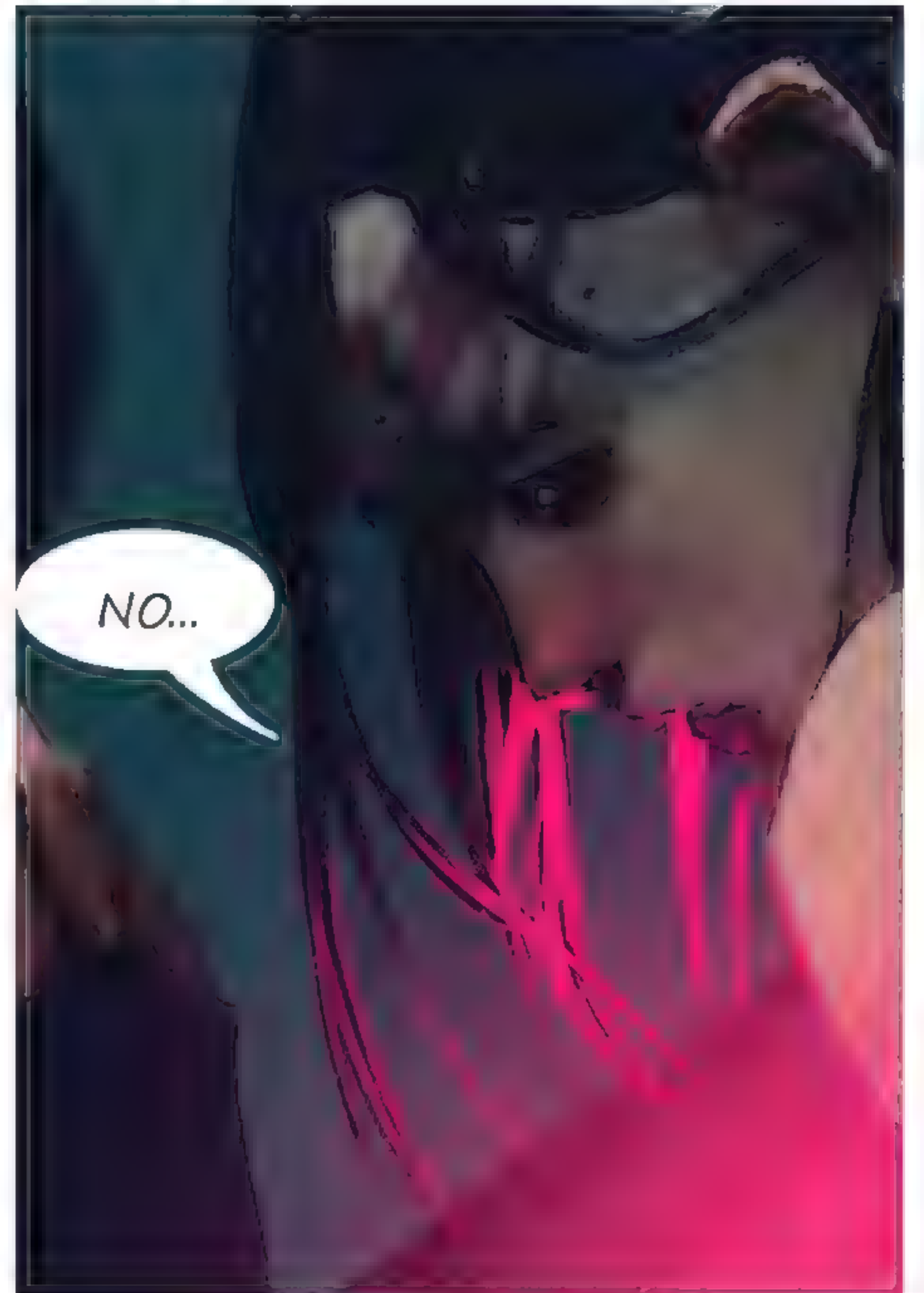
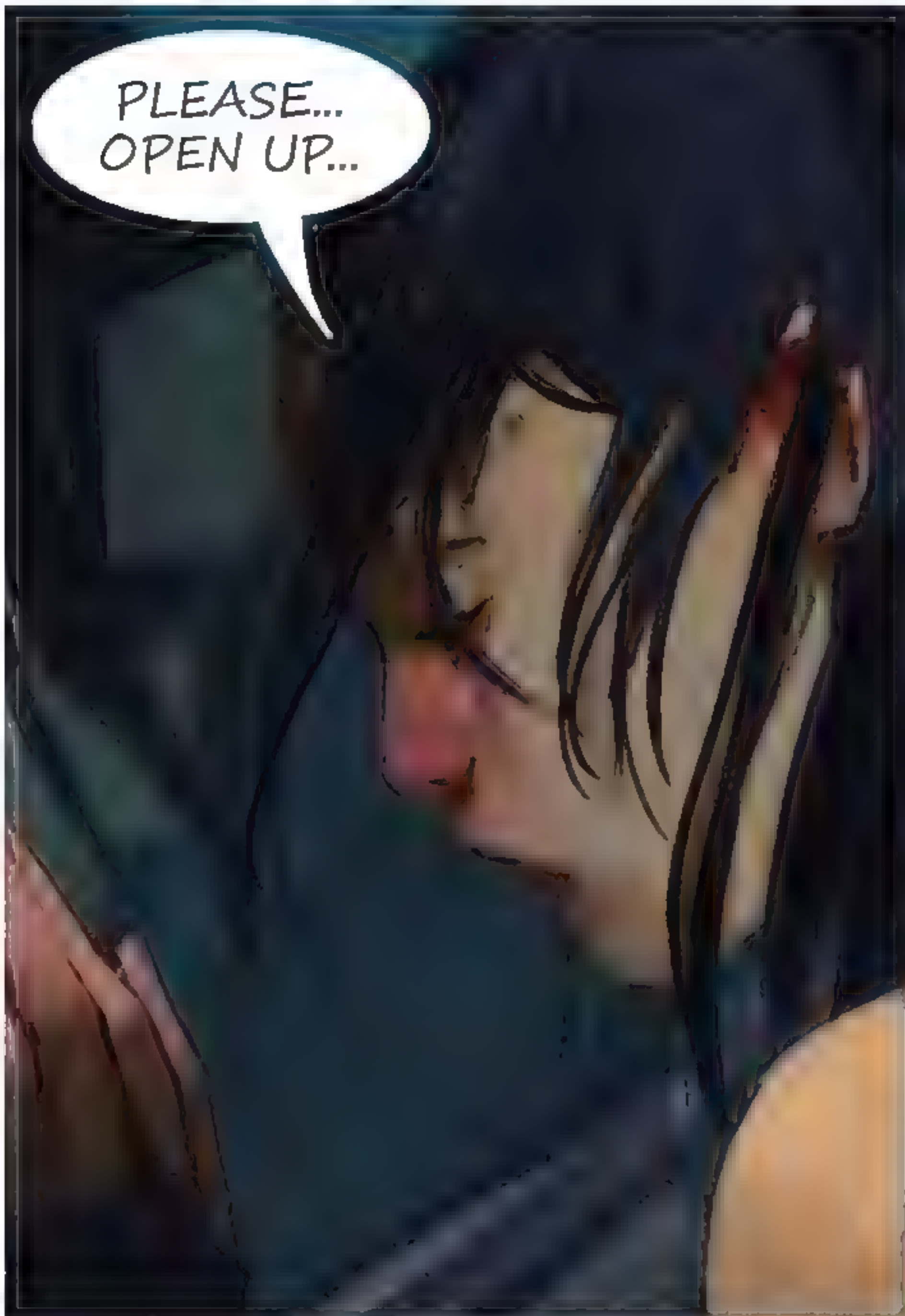


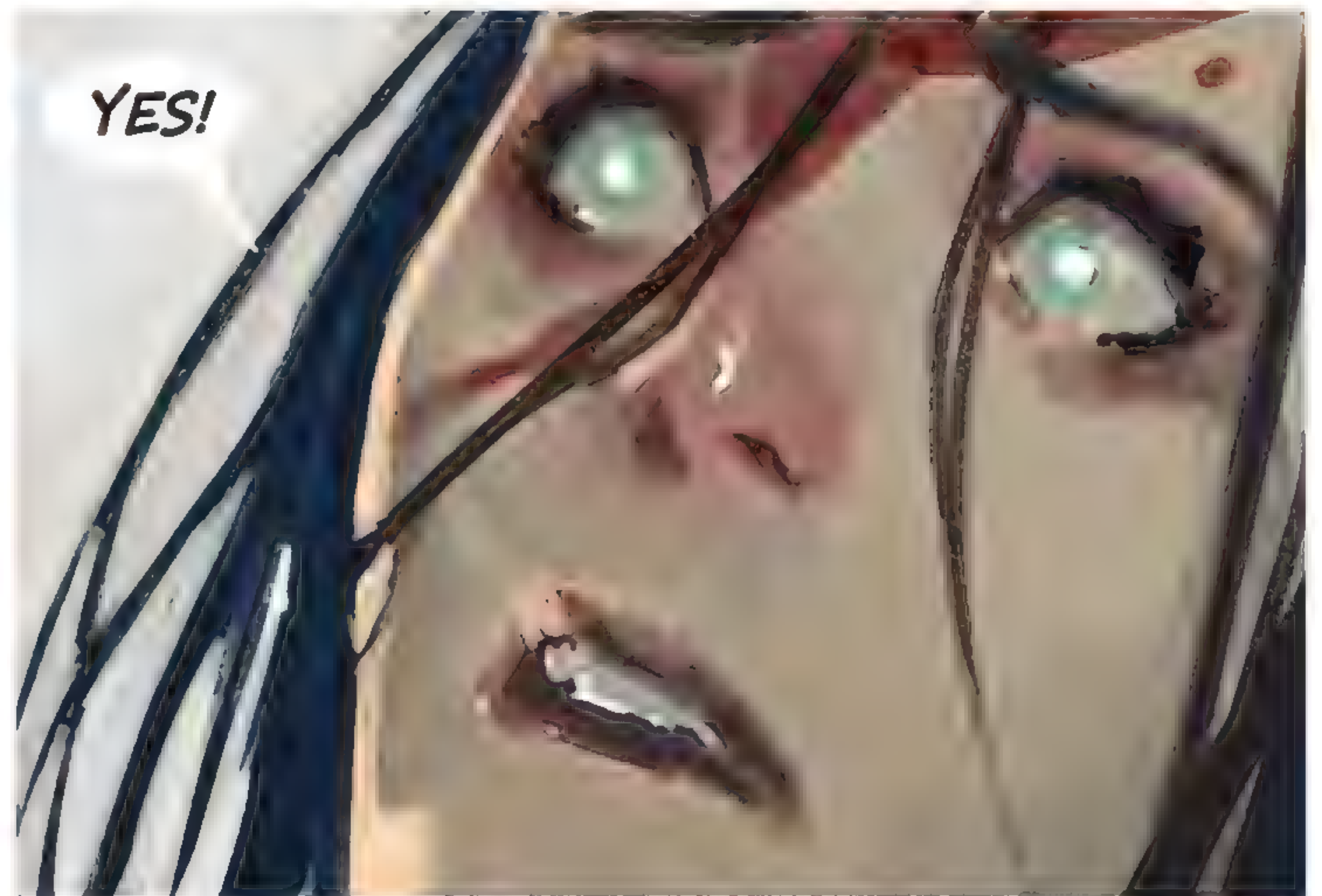
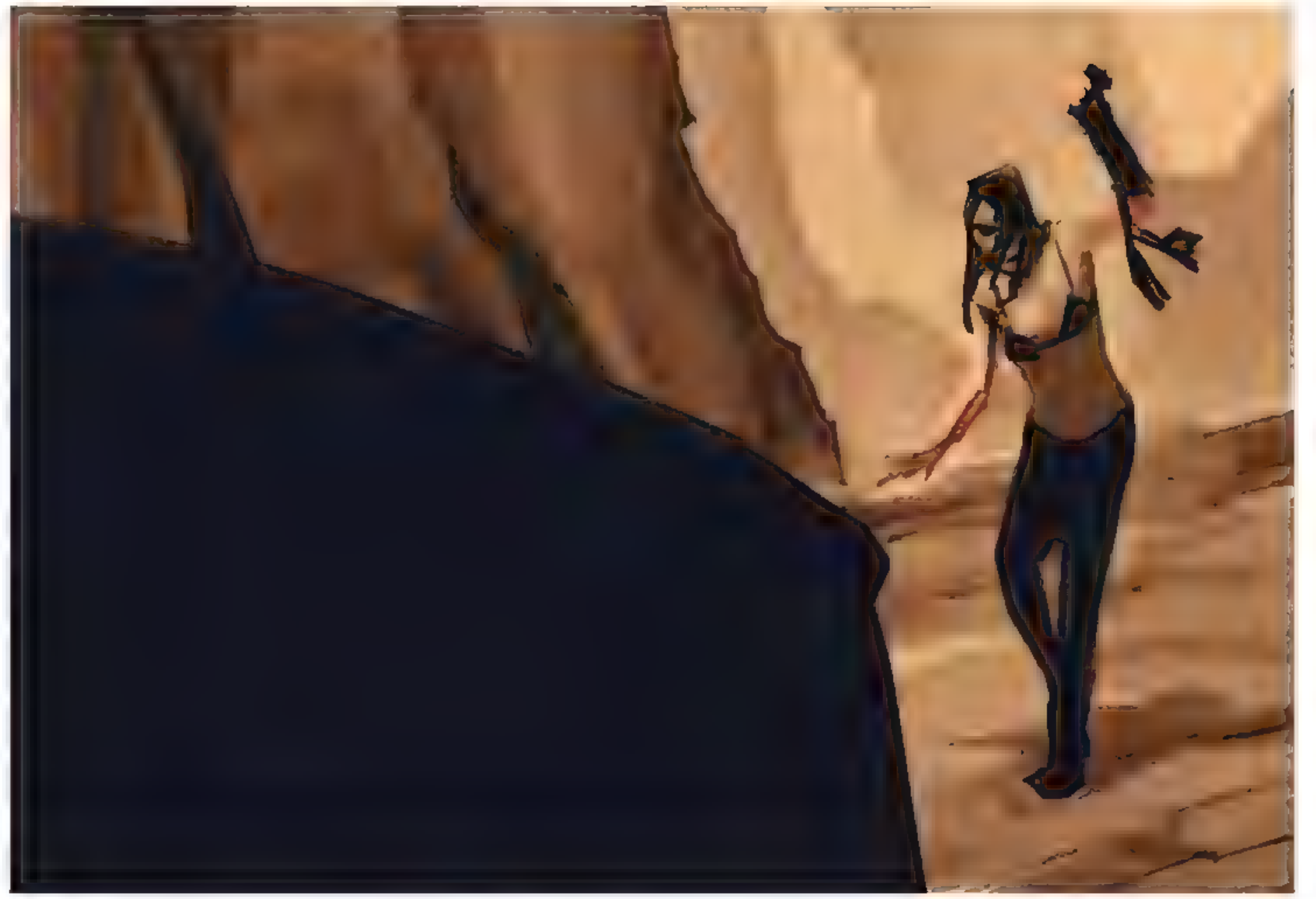
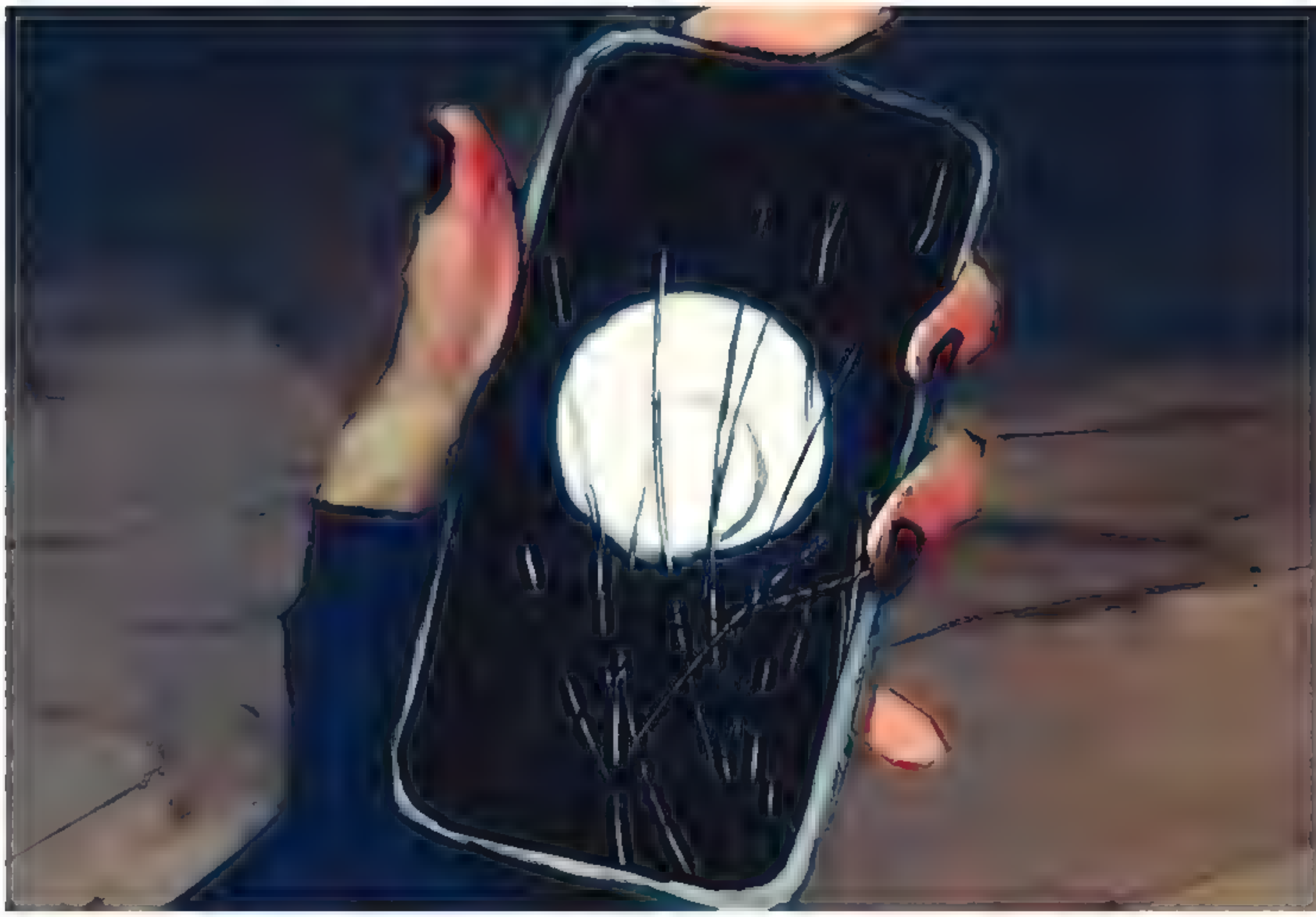




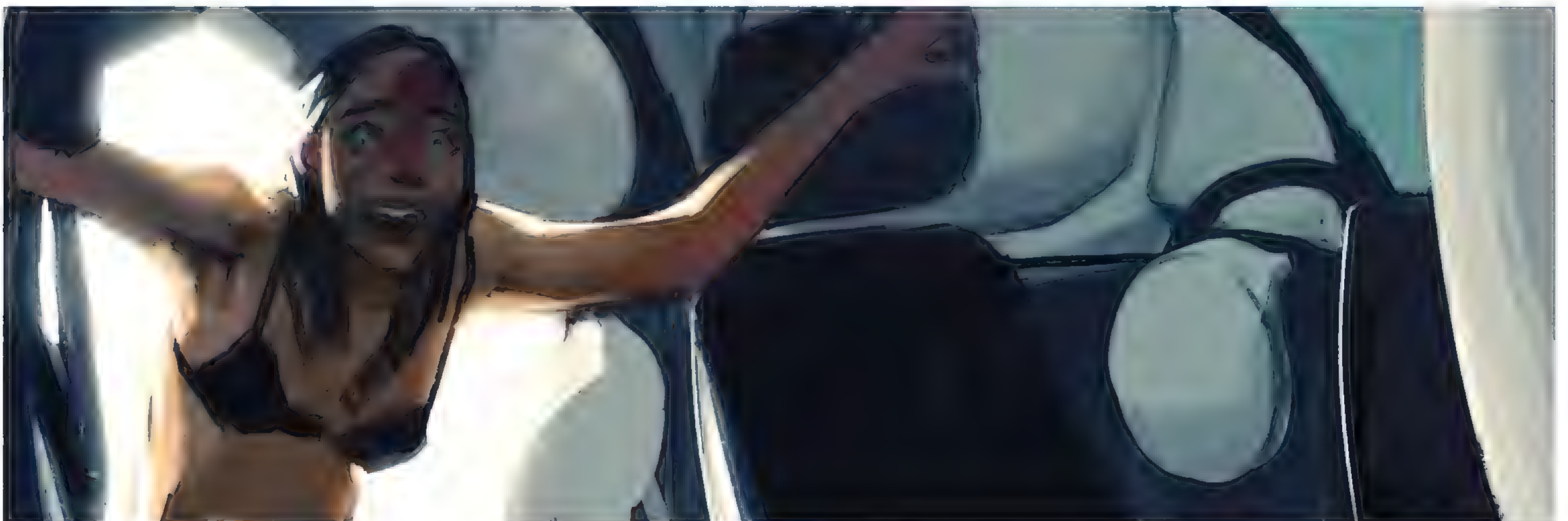








DAVID!





MOMMY'S
HERE, BABY...



WE'RE GONNA
GET YOU TO A
HOSPITAL RIGHT
AWAY! YOU'LL BE
FINE!



PASSSSSENGRZZZ... SANDRA... TZZZ...
HOW CAN I HELP YOU TODAY?



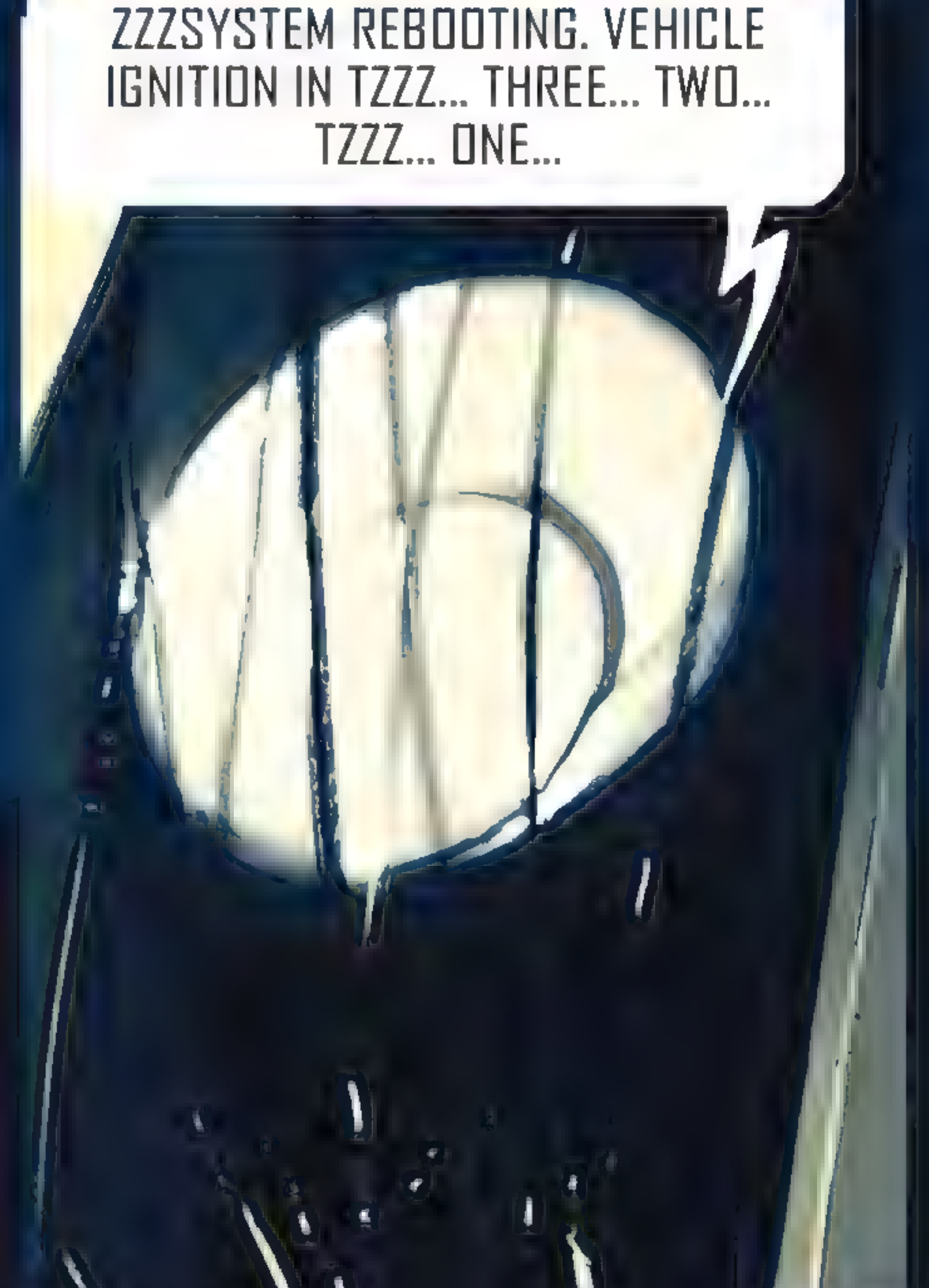
TAKE ME TO
THE NEAREST
HOSPITAL.
IMMEDIATELY!



SHALL I REACTIVATE THE
SATELLITE SYSTEM?



TAKE ME TO A
FUCKING HOSPITAL,
DAMN IT!



ZZZSYSTEM REBOOTING. VEHICLE
IGNITION IN TZZZ... THREE... TWO...
TZZZ... ONE...

IGNITION.
VEHICLE INTEGRITY: 98%

WR000000000M

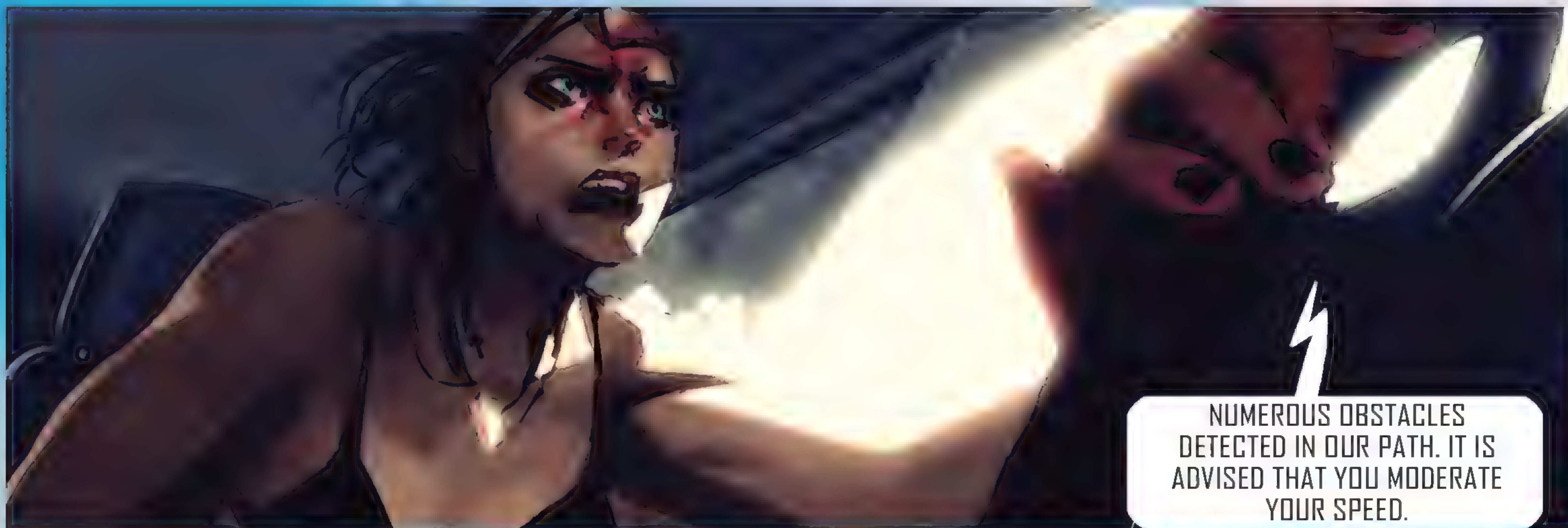
TLAK

UNEVEN TERRAIN DETECTED.
SWITCHING TO 4-WHEEL DRIVE.

WR000000000M

RAGH!

WR000000000M



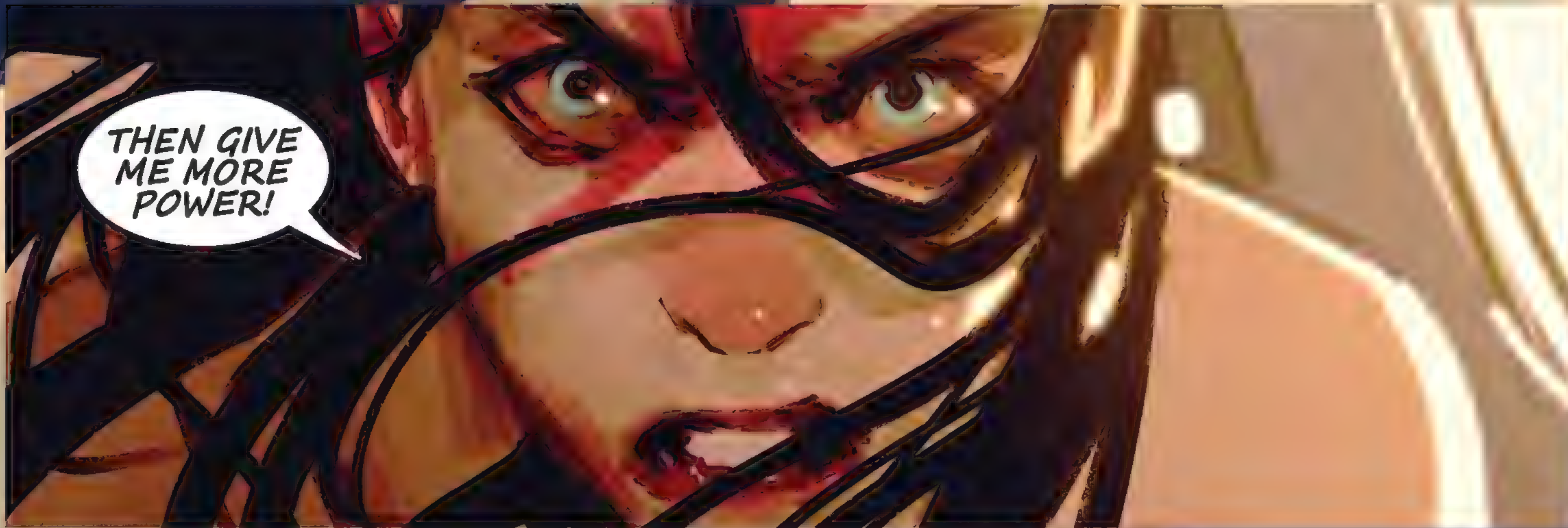
NUMEROUS OBSTACLES
DETECTED IN OUR PATH. IT IS
ADVISED THAT YOU MODERATE
YOUR SPEED.



FUCK YOU!



I'M AFRAID I CANNOT DO THAT,
SANDRA.



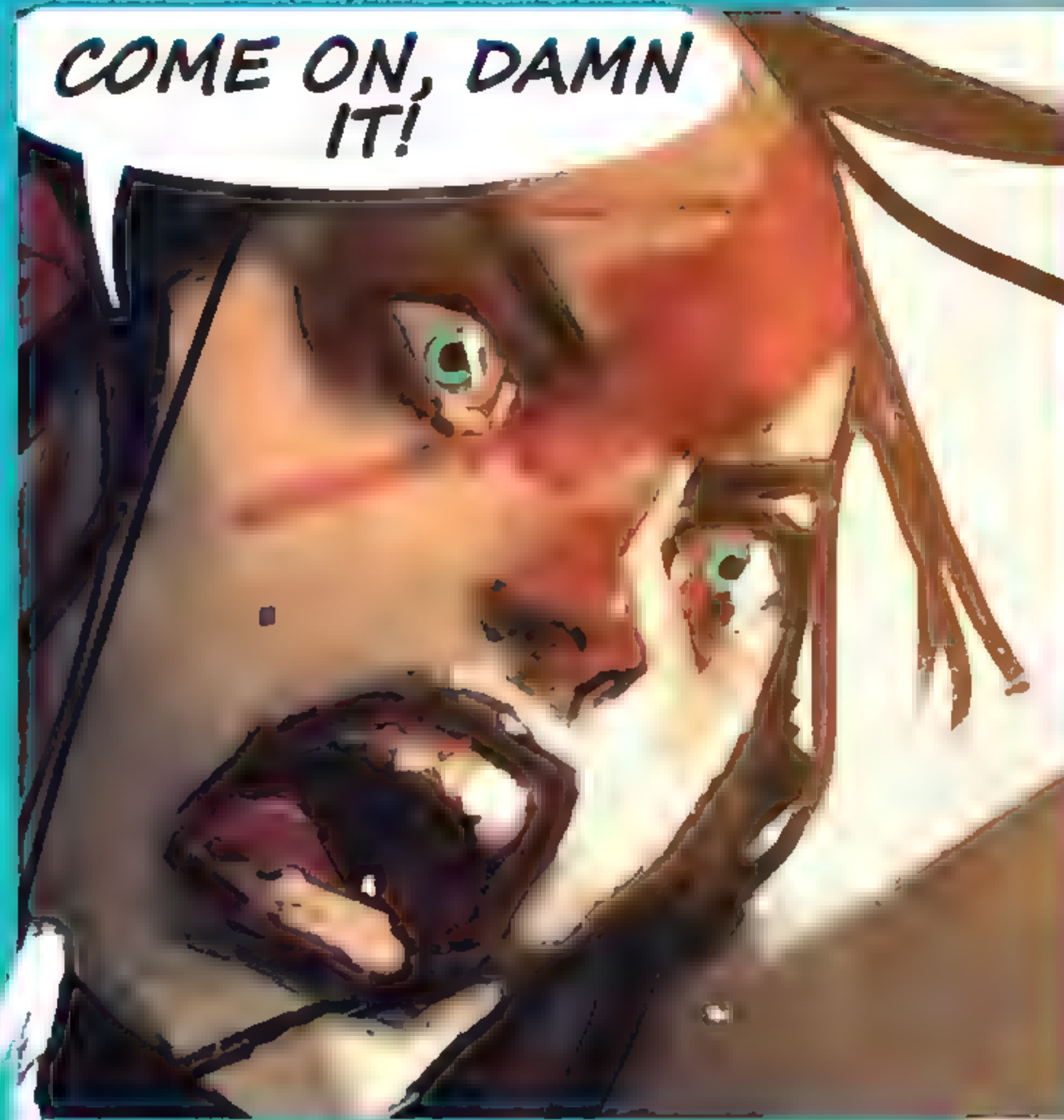
THEN GIVE
ME MORE
POWER!



ACTIVATING AUXILIARY
ELECTRIC ENGINE AT 120%.



WRRROOOOOOM



COME ON, DAMN
IT!



SHOW ME WHAT
AN AWESOME CAR
YOU ARE!

WRRROOOOOOM



LEVEL OF INCLINATION:
70%



WARNING: OBSTRUCTION
AHEAD.



FUCK IT!

WHAAAMM

GROUND CONTACT LOST.

SPAAAM

[NGH!]



VEHICLE INTEGRITY:
95%



THE NEAREST HOSPITAL IS IN...
TZZZ... TWENTY NINE MILES.



GET ME THERE
AS FAST AS YOU
CAN.



CONTINUE
STRAIGHT.











FINE
END.

A N



Designs by LRNZ

SHOW, DON'T TELL

Show, don't tell. The first, and most important, rule of writing, the one that every storyteller should keep in mind when trying to build a story. Even more so if the chosen language involves more than just words, a combination of text and images. Like film or comics. *Monolith* is as much cinema as comic, and for this very reason it finds its complete meaning, its *raison d'être*, in the visual story.

There are few words in *Monolith*, very few. The story is mainly entrusted to the images put in sequence, the actions of the characters and their expressions, the scenery, the color palette. This doesn't mean that there isn't any writing involved — indeed, to be honest, *Monolith* is probably one of the most “written” projects I've ever worked on.

But the words only constitute its invisible architecture, its skeleton, the scaffolding that defines its external shape to ensure that it does not collapse like a poorly designed house of cards. A useful and necessary structure to allow LRNZ to create the story in his way, but through images. Because an intense close-up of Sandra, with her runny nose, her skin reddened by the sun and her eyes full of tears, has the same, if not greater, value than a long description.

An orange sky crossed by purple clouds clearly communicates the passage of time. A double page spread that opens onto the vastness of the desert is capable of conveying the sensation of being small and insignificant compared to nature much better than pages and pages of a novel ever could.

In *Monolith*, LRNZ's drawing becomes writing, just as writing became drawing before. In the trade-off, it was Mauro Uzzeo and I who made the money.

Roberto Recchioni



